



FEATURE

COMICS



NOVEMBER

STARRING
THE
DOLL MAN



SPIN SHAW



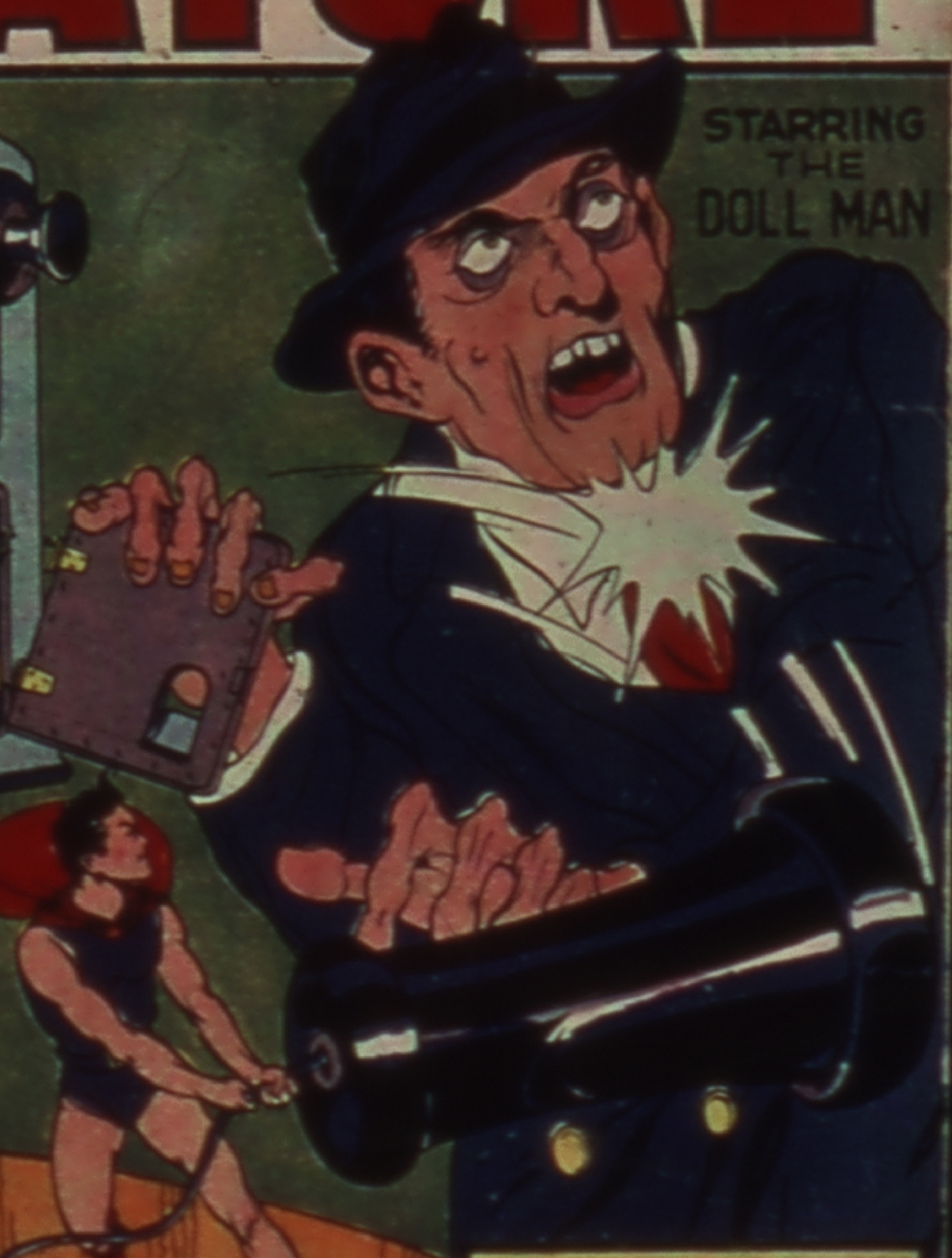
LALA PALOOZA



RANCE KEANE



SAMAR



No. 38 70c



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

PRIZES! For You!

**DAISY'S
1000 SHOT
RED
RYDER
CARBINE**
1000-shot repeater.
Sell one order.



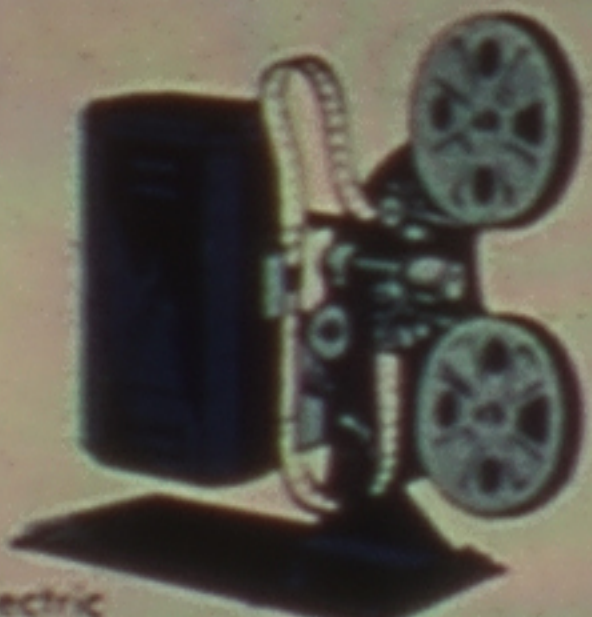
Boys', Girls' Wrist Watches
Sell one order.



Fitted
Overnight Case.
Given for selling one order.



Sell one
order and get
your choice of
Eastman
Cameras.



Electric
Movie Outfit. Sell one order.



10-pc. Toilet and Manicure Set.
Given for selling only one order.



5-pc. Train
outfit with track.
Sell one
order.



Yale
Football
Set. Given for
selling one order.

GENE AUTRY HOLSTER SET

FREE
RING



Be a "two-gun" cowboy—
belt, two holsters, two
Gene Autry revolvers,
all given for selling
one order. Gene Autry Ring **FREE**.

BOYS! GIRLS! Here are swell prizes for You—or fine gifts for Mother and Dad. They're yours without a cent of cost.

IT'S EASY! Do like thousands of others have done—get any prize here, or your choice from many others in our Big Prize Sheet for selling only 40 Christmas Packs at 10c each. Each pack contains 96 sparkling Xmas seals in brilliant colors—a bargain at 10c! When sold return the money and choose your prize. It is sent **AT ONCE**.

Send coupon today for Xmas Packs and Big Prize Sheet showing over 40 prizes to choose from. **SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.**
AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 604, LANCASTER, PA.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 604, Lancaster, Pa.

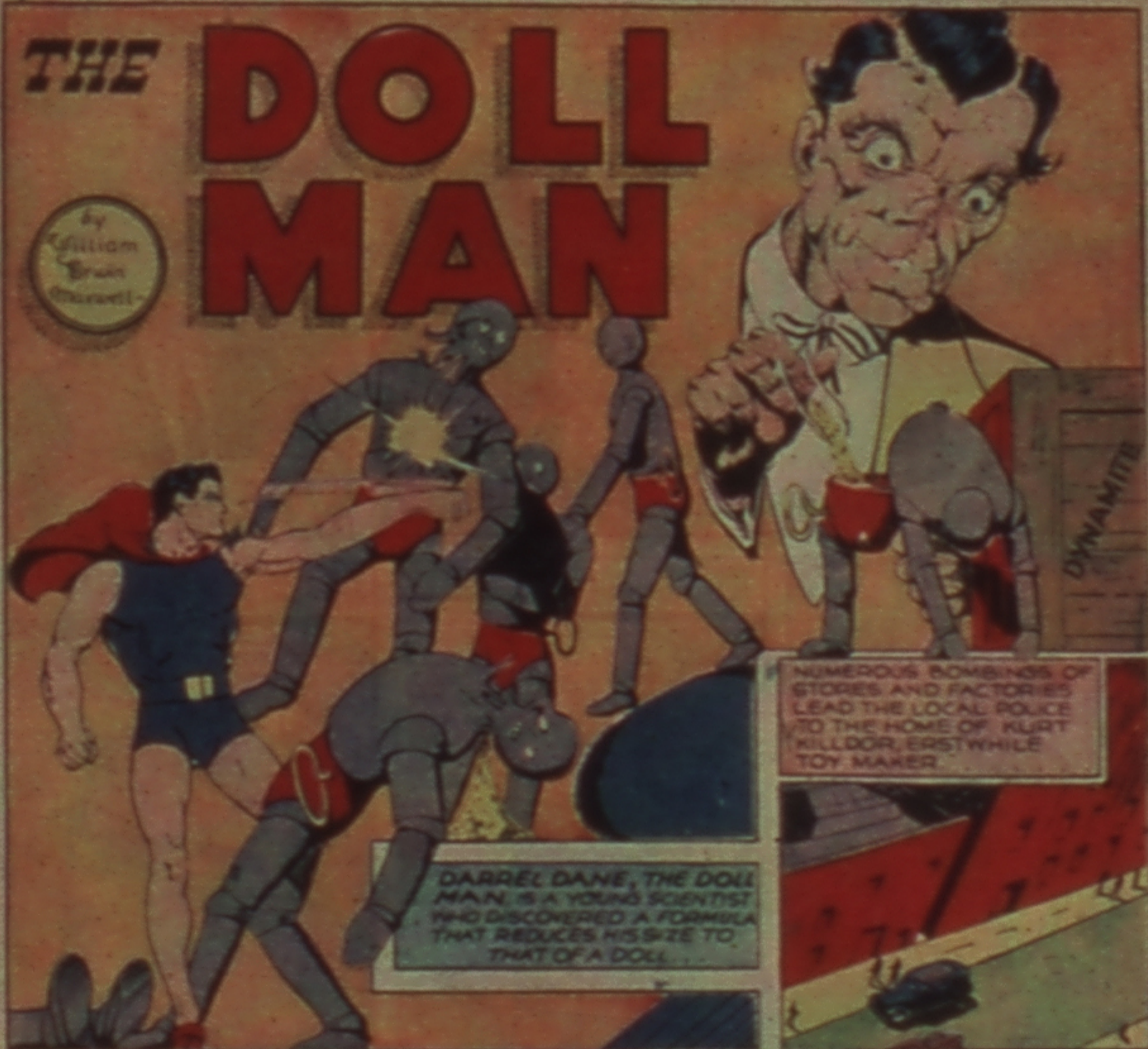
Please send me your Big Prize Sheet and one order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money and get my prize.
My choice of prize is _____

Name _____
Street Address _____
or R.F.D. Box _____
City _____
State _____

THE

DOLL MAN

by
William
Brain
Marvell

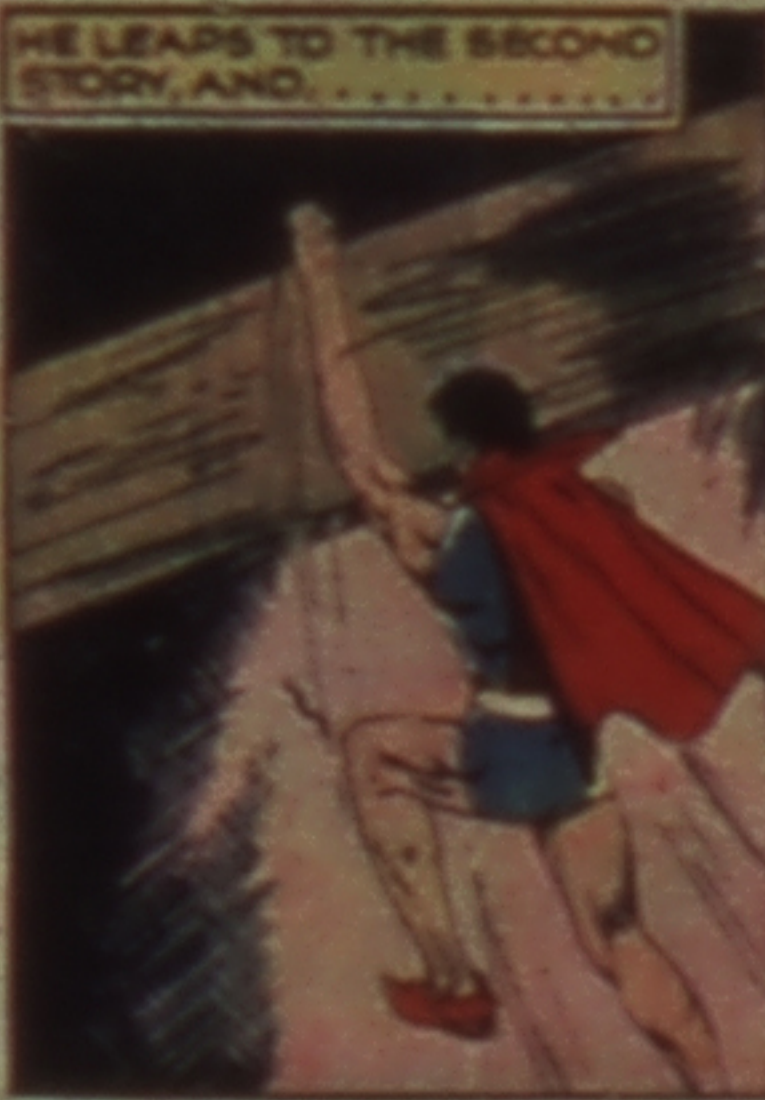




IN A FLASH
DARREL CAKE
IS THE DOLL
MAN.



HE LEAPS TO THE SECOND
STORY, AND



INTO THE OPEN WINDOW . . .



KURT ISN'T
HERE!



PEDDLING THOSE
TOYS AROUND IS
GETTIN' ON
MY NERVES.
SA-A-AY!



AM I SEEIN'
THINGS?
IF THIS THING
IS ALIVE, I'LL
KNOW I'M
GOIN' NUTS!



THEN YOU'RE
GOIN' NUTS,
PAL!

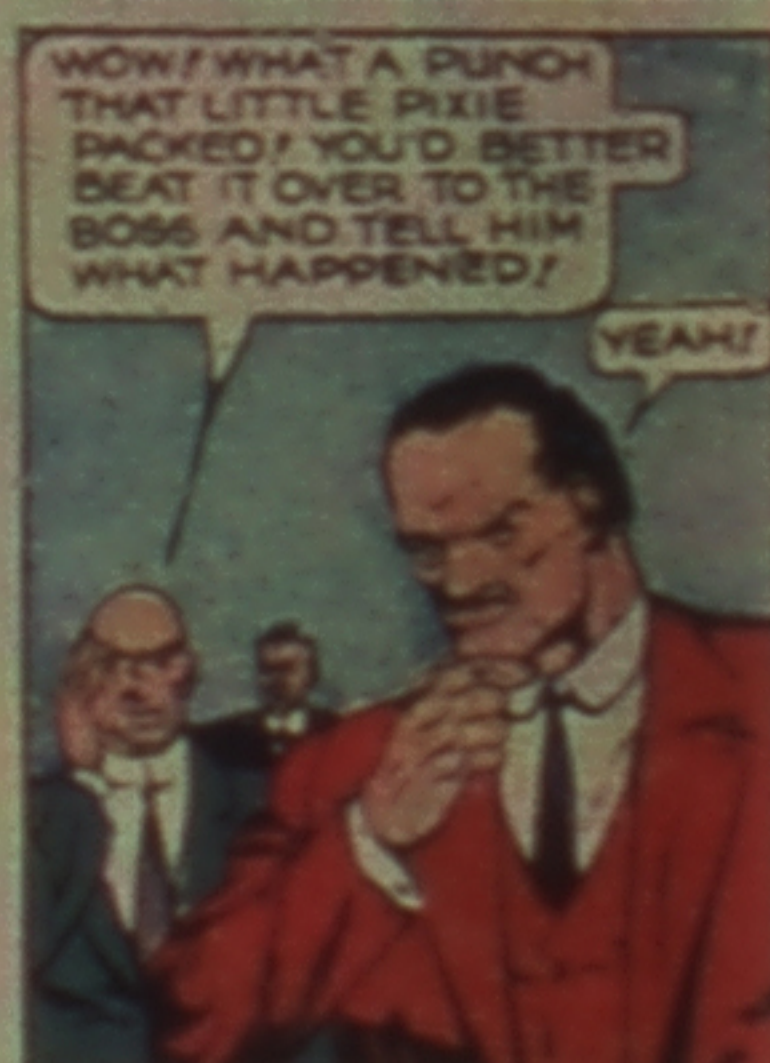


AND YOU
LOOK LIKE
A BAD EGG
THAT NEEDS
BREAKING
TOO!



IN SWIFT ROTATION,
THE DOLL MAN
FINISHES OFF
THE WHOLE
MOB.





MEANWHILE DARREL DANE IS AT HOME TRYING TO SOLVE THE PUZZLE OF TOY MAKER KURT KALDOR

I'VE GOT A HUNCH THOSE TOYS MUST HAVE SOME CONNECTION WITH THIS CASE



DANE HOPS INTO HIS CAR

I FOUND TOYS IN KURT'S APARTMENT WHEN I BEAT UP HIS HENCHMEN



AND TOUGH GUYS LIKE THAT DON'T PLAY WITH TOYS. KURT USED TO BE A TOY MAKER AND THOSE WERE HAND MADE! MAYBE HE'S GONE BACK TO HIS TRADE SECRETLY AND FOR SOME DIABOLICAL REASON. SAY! WHAT'S THAT CROWD IN FRONT OF CITY HALL?



FEARING THIS MIGHT BE AN EMERGENCY DARREL BECOMES THE DOLL MAN



WRONG AGAIN! IT'S JUST A SIDEWALK VENDOR



OH, OH, WHAT'S THIS?

FROM BETWEEN THE LEGS OF A SPECTATOR COMES A TOY ENGINE



A LIGHT TRAIL OF SMOKE TELLS OF A LIGHTED FUSE

AH! MY GUESS WAS RIGHT THAT'S A BOMB!

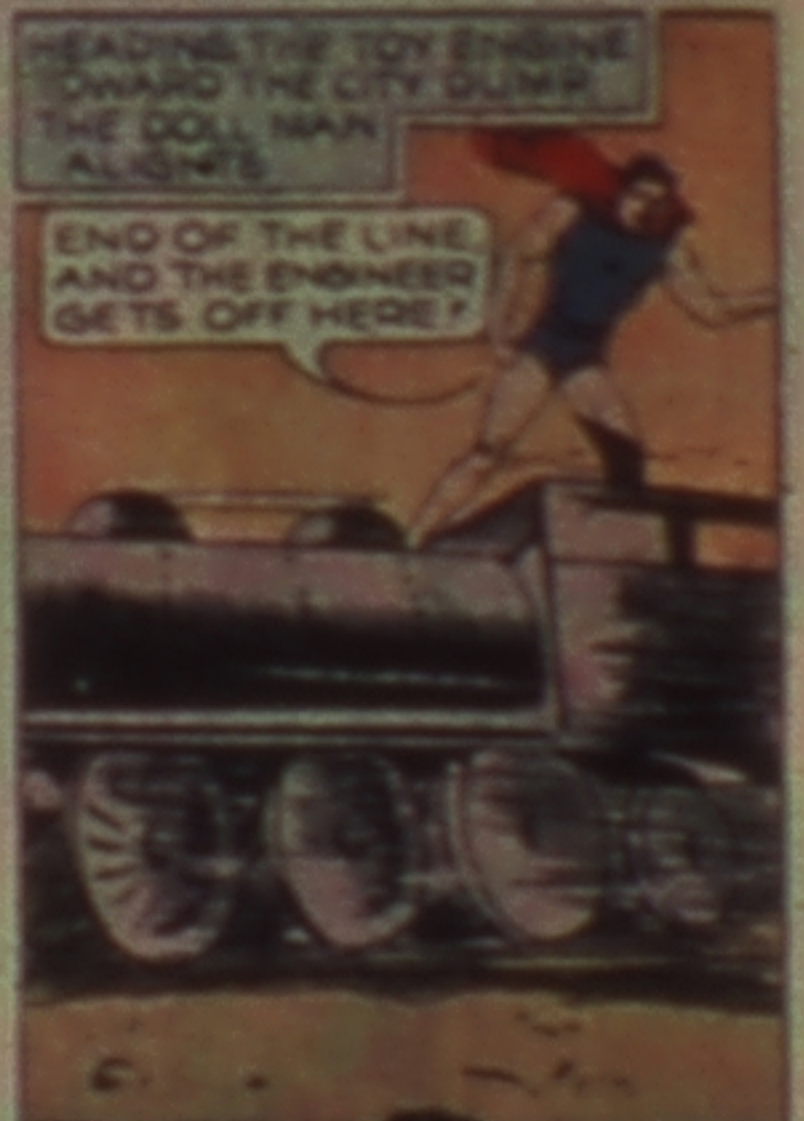


AND IT'S HEADED FOR THE CITY HALL... I'LL HAVE TO KILL THAT FUSE!



THAT DOES IT! BUT I'LL HAVE TO GET THIS THING OUT OF HERE QUICKLY... IF IT HITS ANYTHING IT'LL BE JUST TOO BAD!





DARREL ENTERS THE SHOP AND
TO HIS SURPRISE FINDS
WILDDOR



SO THIS IS
HIS QUAIN
LITTLE
WORKSHOP
I'VE BEEN
LOOKING
FOR!

ER THAT ENGINE
IN THE WINDOW.
I'D LIKE TO SEE IT.

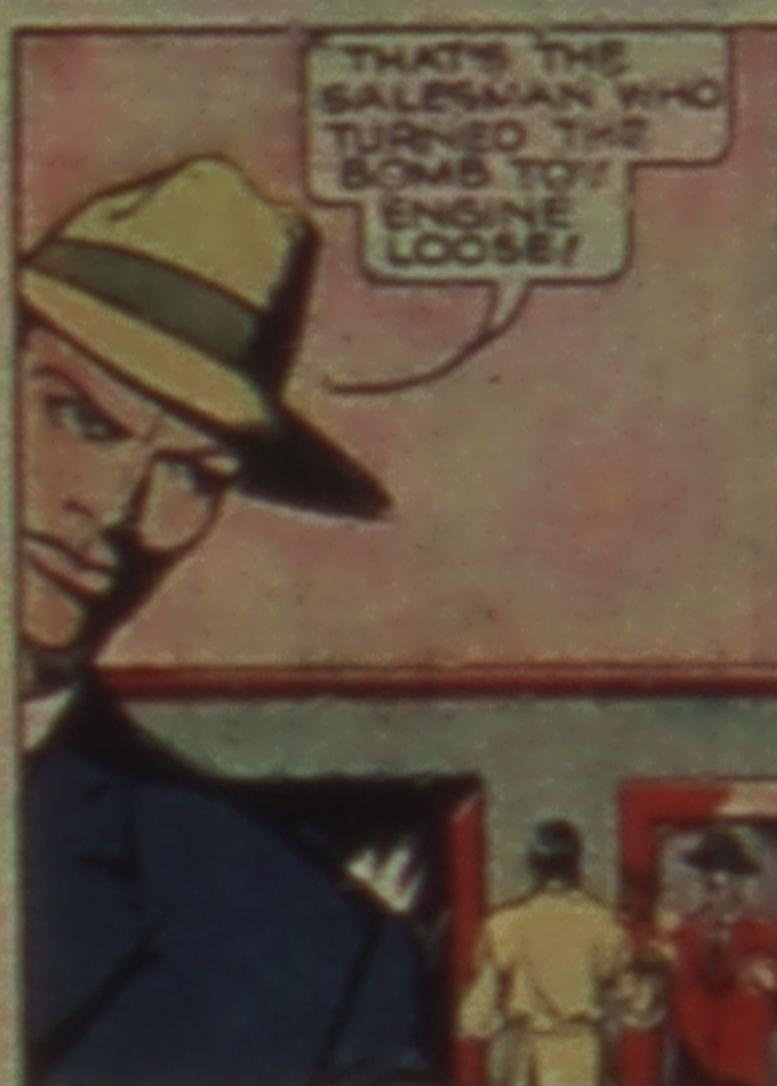


SORRY,
SIR, IT'S A
SAMPLE...
THE ONLY
ONE
LEFT!

PERHAPS THE GENTLEMAN
WOULD PREFER SOMETHING
ELSE? ER, PARDON ME, I
HAVE ANOTHER
CUSTOMER!



CERTAINLY.



THAT'S THE
SALESMAN WHO
TURNED THE
BOMB TOY
ENGINE
LOOSE!

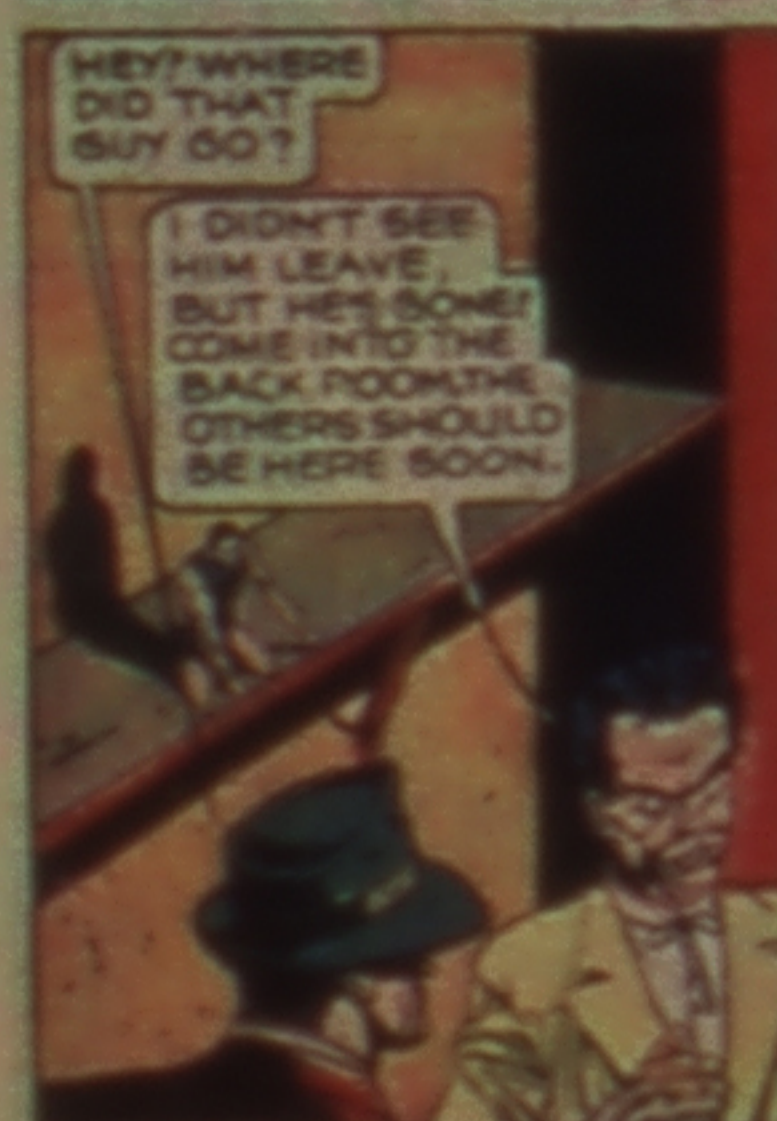


UNNOTICED,
DANE AGAIN
BECOMES THE
DOLL MAN.



THE ENGINE WAS GOING
STRAIGHT FOR CITY HALL
WHEN IT TURNED DOWN
THE BLOCK AND WENT
OUT OF SIGHT!

YOU FOOL! YOU
FAILED TO SET
IT RIGHT!



HEY? WHERE
DID THAT
GUY GO?

I DIDN'T SEE
HIM LEAVE,
BUT HE'S GONE!
COME INTO THE
BACK ROOM! THE
OTHERS SHOULD
BE HERE SOON.



I THINK I'LL PUT
THESE TWO BABIES
TO SLEEP BEFORE
THE OTHER RATS
GET HERE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER THE
FIRST OF THE GANG ARRIVES

WHAT THE
BOSS
AND
GIMDY
KNOCKED
OUT!

THE GANGSTER ATTEMPTS TO
WARN HIS PALS, BUT THE DOLL
MAN SPRINGS INTO ACTION.

I BETTER
WARN...
A-A-AH
OW!

THE REST OF THE MOB HURRIES
TO THE BACK ROOM.

TO FIND THE DOLL MAN.

WHY YOU
LITTLE
SAWEDOFF
COME
HERE!

CRASH!

IF I CAN ONLY
LOCK HIM IN
THERE!

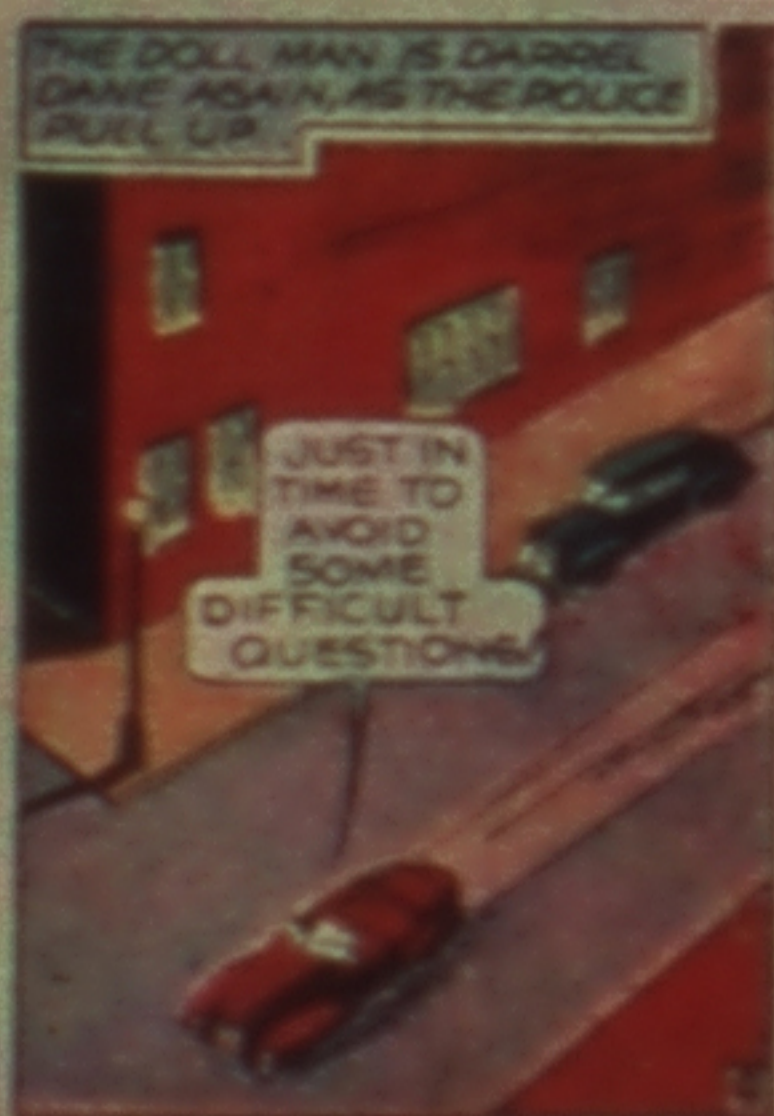
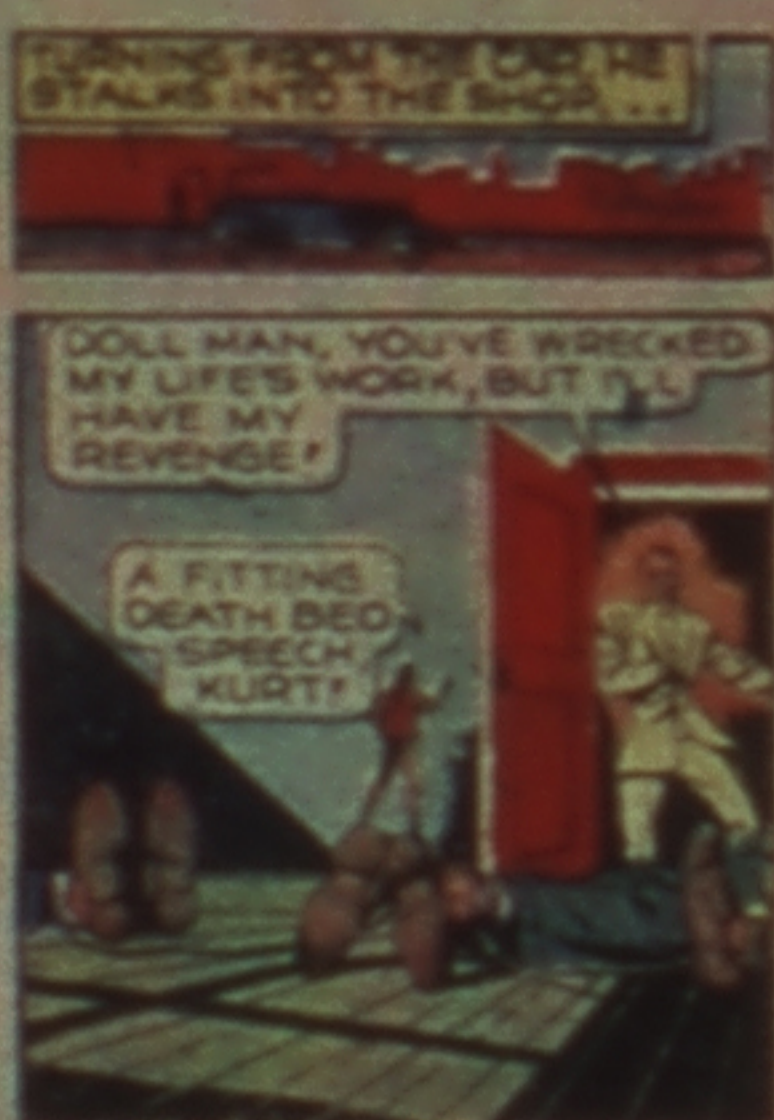
HEY! NOT SO FAST
WITH THOSE BIG
FEET!

WAIT, MR. DOLL
MAN, PLEASE!

IN THE CONFUSION OF THE FIGHT,
KILLDOR REGAINS HIS SENSES
AND RUNS TO HIS CAR.

HEY KURT!
WAIT FOR
ME!

SO IT'S
LUGGSY
I'LL WAIT
ALL RIGHT

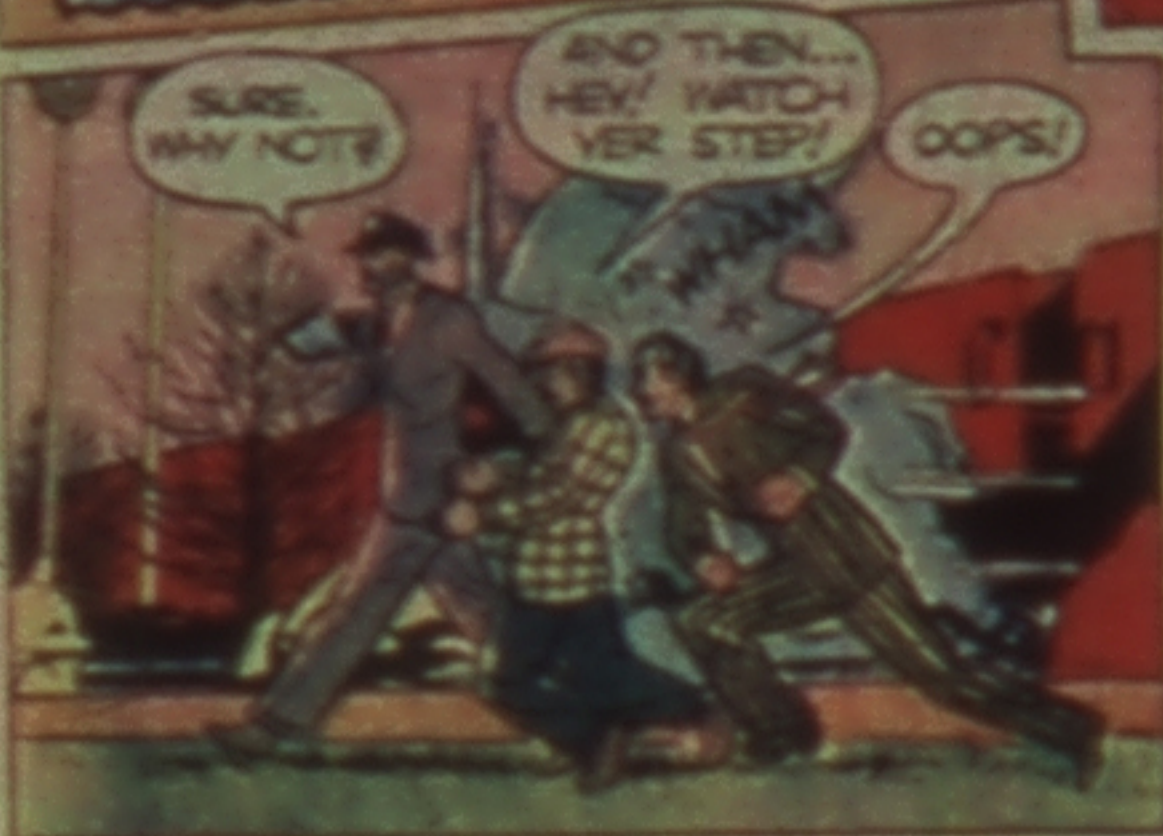


RANCE KEANE

AFTER A HECTIC FIRST WEEK IN NEW YORK CITY, RANCE KEANE AND HIS LITTLE SADDLE PARTNER PEE WEE HAVE DECIDED TO TAKE A RUMOR OFF AND VISIT THE BIG WORLD'S FAIR... HERE THEY ARE AT THE COURT OF TRANSPORTATION.

LET'S TAKE IN 'RAILROADS ON PARADE,' PEE WEE. THEY SAY IT'S A SWEET SHOW!

O.K. RANCE. AND AFTER THAT, YIN WE GO DOWN TO THE YARDS AND SEE ALL THEM BIG ENGINES AND STUFF?



SURE, WHY NOT?

AND THEN... HEY! WATCH YER STEP!

OOPS!

MAMA'S LITTLE BOY BETTER WATCH WHERE HIM'S GOING, OR HIM'LL LOSE HIM'S HORSETAIL MUSTACHE IN THE SCUFFLE!

HEY!

YANK



THE MOMENT PEE WEE RECOVERS HIS SLIGHTLY ADDED WITS, HE LUNGES AT THE INSOLENT STRANGER LIKE A MAD BULL..... BUT THE MAN SIDESTEPS, NIMBLY STOKS HIS FOOT OUT, AND.....

WHY YOU SOLDINGED LEFT-FOOTED COYOTE, I'LL..... WOOPS!



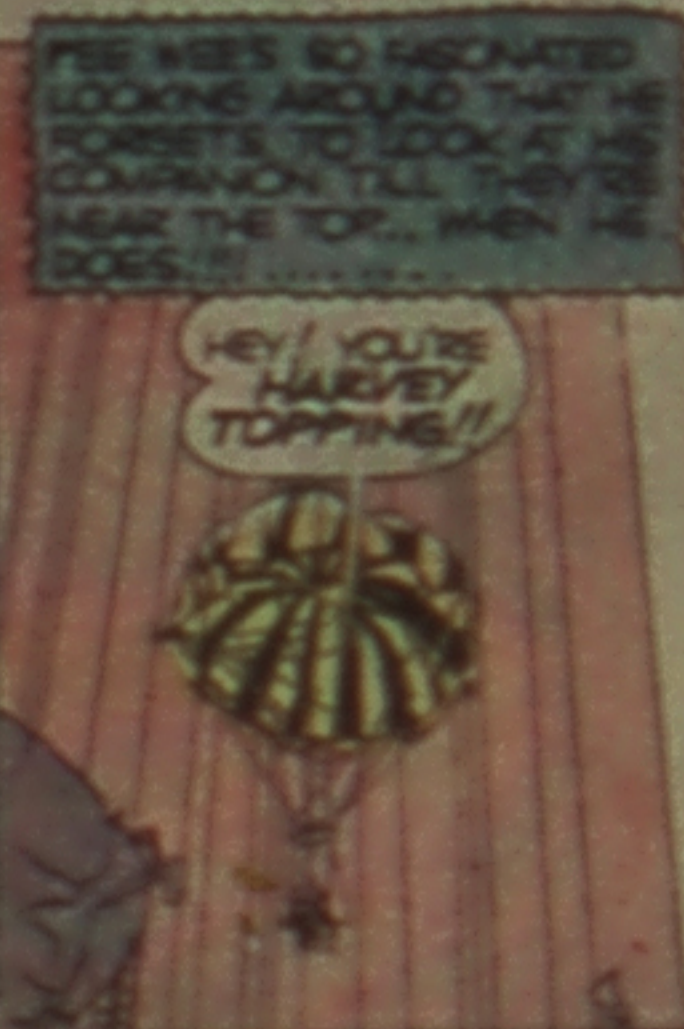
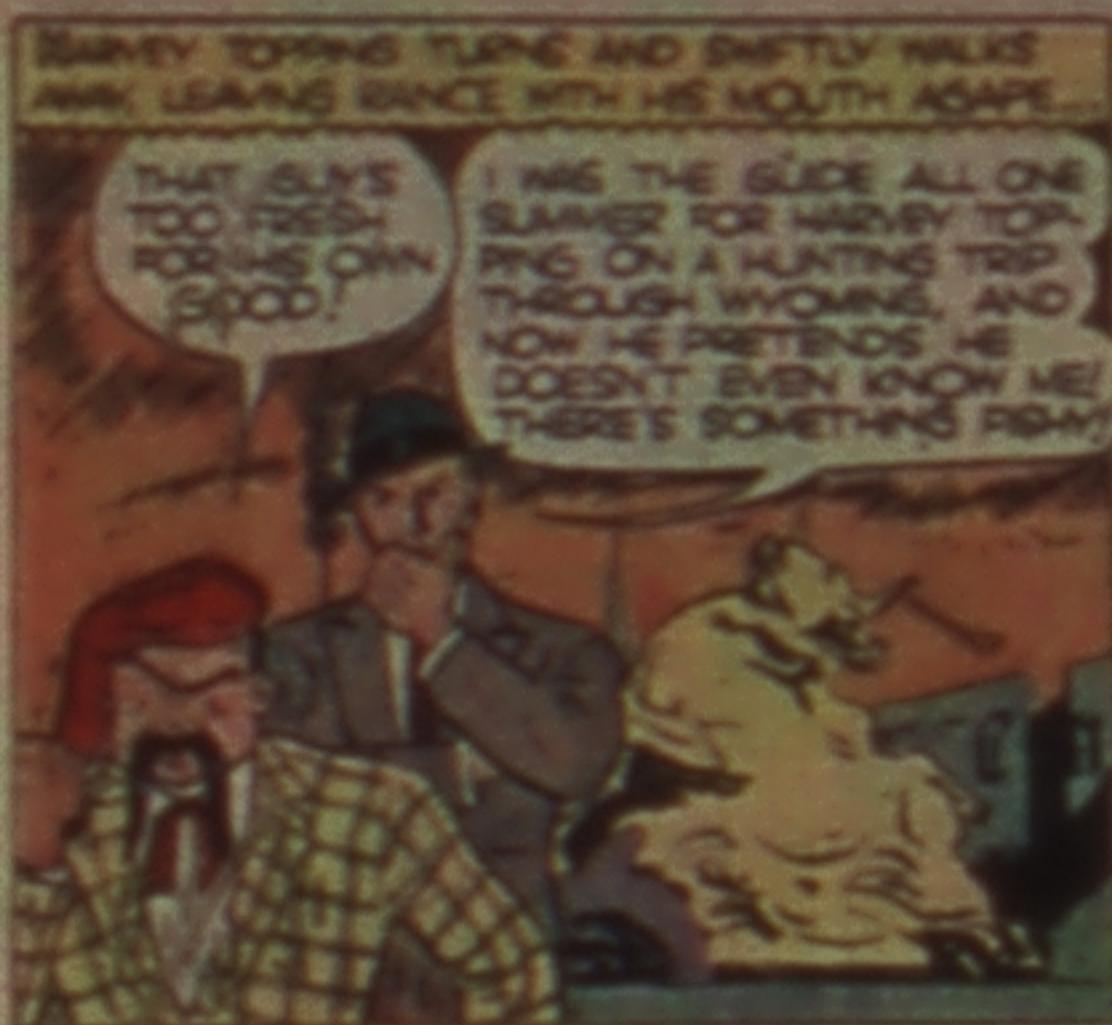
WAIT A MINUTE! A JOKE'S A JOKE, BUT...

HERE, HERE, YOUNG FELLOW! YOU CAN'T MANHANDLE HARVEY TOPPING LIKE THIS!

HARVEY TOPPING! WHY OF COURSE! I KNOW YOU! YOU WERE.....

YOU KNOW ME! WHY YOU RIDICULOUS HARVEY!





FOR THE FIRST TIME RANCE
NOTICES THERE ARE ALMOST
A DOZEN PHOTOGRAPHERS
SNAPPING AWAY AT THE
NORMALLY RETIRING HARVEY
TOPPING. RANCE LISTENS TO THEM.

THIS GUY TOPPING
OUGHT TO BE GOOD
FOR A FULL PAGE IN
THE SUNDAY "OTO"
SECTION!

I HAVEN'T GOT
SO MANY GOOD
SHOTS IN A
WHOLE MONTH
OF SUNDAYS!

THAT'S
QUEER!

YOU'LL BOTH
HAVE TO LEAVE!
YOU'RE ENDANGERING
THE REPUTATION
OF THE FAIR...

BUT I WAS
JUST TRYING
TO SAVE
THIS GUY'S
LIFE!

PARADE
JUNIOR

I'M SURE YOU
WERE SCARED
UP NOW AND
COME ALONG
PEACEFULLY.

AS TOPPING AND PEE WEE ARE
BEING ESCORTED OUTSIDE THE
FAIR GROUNDS, RANCE SEES
THE POLICE CAPTAIN TO ONE SIDE.

OFFICER, MAY
I SPEAK TO YOU
FOR A MOMENT?

CERTAINLY
SIR!

THIS IS DEEPER
THAN YOU THINK, I
THINK I KNOW WHY THIS
MAN HAS BEEN ACTING UP
FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE
NEWSPERSON. IT HAS
SOMETHING TO DO WITH
THE HUGE TOPPING FORTUNE
AND... WELL, WILL YOU DO
ME A FAVOR?

WELL...

TOPPING
IS SURE TO
SNEAK BACK
INTO THE FAIR.
IF HE DOES, LEAVE
HIM TO ME... I'LL
DO YOUR
DUTY.

IT SEEMS
SLIGHTLY
NORTH-ODD
BUT... IF
YOU SAY
IT'S SO
IMPORTANT...

ONLY A FEW MINUTES LATER TOPPING
CLIMBS A FENCE AND.....

HELLO, BOYS. LOOKING
FOR SOME MORE HOT
STUFF FOR YOUR PAPER?
I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU!

BY GUM!
IF HE
CAN HOP
THE FENCE
BACK IN,
I CAN TOO!

AS SOON AS PEE WEE SHINES OVER
THE FENCE TOO, RANCE CORALLS HIM.

LISTEN, PEE WEE, I WANT
YOU TO TAIL TOPPING
EVERYWHERE HE GOES.
HE WON'T LEAVE THE
GROUNDS... I'LL
MEET YOU LATER
IN THE RAILROAD
YARDS!

I'LL FOLLOW
THAT HORNED
TOAD LIKE I
WAS A BEAGLE
HOUND!

AT THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING RANCE NOICES A POLICE
OFFICER TO ACCOMPANY HIM TO THE RAILROAD EXHIBIT.....

HURRY, OFFICER, WE'VE GOT TO SEARCH
THOSE ENGINES. IT WAS POLISH FROM ONE
OF THEM THAT CAME OFF TOPPING'S HAND
ONTO PEE WEE'S MUSTACHE... I KNOW NOW!
... AND KEEP COOL... WE MAY BE
LOOKING FOR A BODY!

FORTY-FIVE MINUTES LATER IN THE CAR OF ONE OF THE GREAT LOCOMOTIVES IN THE BALDWIN SHED.



HERE HE IS, OFFICER! COME ON INTO THE FIREBOX OF THIS ENGINE WITH ME. WE'LL UNITE THIS POOR FELLOW... THEN WE'LL WAIT RIGHT HERE WITH THE EVIDENCE TO TRAP MR. TOPPING HIMSELF!

RIGHT, MR. KEANE!

BUT IT'S NOT TILL THE NIGHT THAT TOPPING SNEAKS BACK TO THE RAILROAD YARDS... STRAIGHT TO THE ENGINE WHERE RANCE IS!



I'VE GOT HIM, OFFICER! I KNEW HE'D COME BACK!

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?



IT MEANS, WISE GUY THAT YOU'RE NOT HARVEY TOPPING AT ALL! YOU'RE HIS TWIN BROTHER, FRANK!

OF COURSE I'M HARVEY TOPPING!

WITH A CONFIDENT SMILE RANCE TURNS FOR A MOMENT FROM HIS CAPTIVE.....



ALL RIGHT, MR. HARVEY TOPPING, WE'VE CAUGHT THE MAN WE WERE WAITING FOR!

YOU HAVEN'T GOT ME YET!

FRANK JERKS AWAY FROM THE OFFICER AND LEAPS DOWN FROM THE CAB, BUT.....



I'VE BULLDOGGED STEERS OUT WEST THAT CAME DOWN A LOT HARDER THAN THIS!



CONFOUND YOU HARVEY! YOU HAVE ALL THE LUCK!

I'M SORRY YOU FEEL THAT WAY, FRANK...

FRANK? I THOUGHT HE WAS HARVEY TOPPING!

NO SMOKING

OH, NO! FRANK HAD HARVEY KIDNAPPED... STOLE HIS CLOTHES... AND SET OUT TO MAKE A FOOL OF HARVEY BY IMPERSONATING HIM ALL OVER THE RAIL... YOU SEE, HE PLANNED TO HAVE HARVEY DECLARED INSANE SO THAT HE COULD GET CONTROL OF THE WHOLE TOPPING FORTUNE! GET IT?



YOU FELLOWS GO AHEAD AND PRINT YOUR STORIES AND PICTURES. BUT BE SURE FRANK, NOT HARVEY TOPPING, GETS CREDIT FOR ALL THE DEVILMENT HE'S RAISED OUT HERE TODAY!

YOU CAN DEPEND ON US, MR. KEANE!

YOU'RE A SHELL GUY, RANCE! I'VE ALWAYS SAID SO!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

HE'S OFFERED
WEDNESDAY



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



THE BAND OF
TREASON

Captain Bruce Blackburn COUNTERSPY

CAPTAIN BRUCE
BLACKBURN, AMERICAN MILITARY
INTELLIGENCE ACE, IS OFFICIALLY DEAD.
HIS FACE CHANGED BY PLASTIC SURGERY
UNTIL HE AND LIEUTENANT JACKSON ARE
THINKING THEY ARE ON SPIES.

WE MUST HAVE
THAT BOMBER FOR 4 MILES
OUR HOMELAND! AN HOUR!

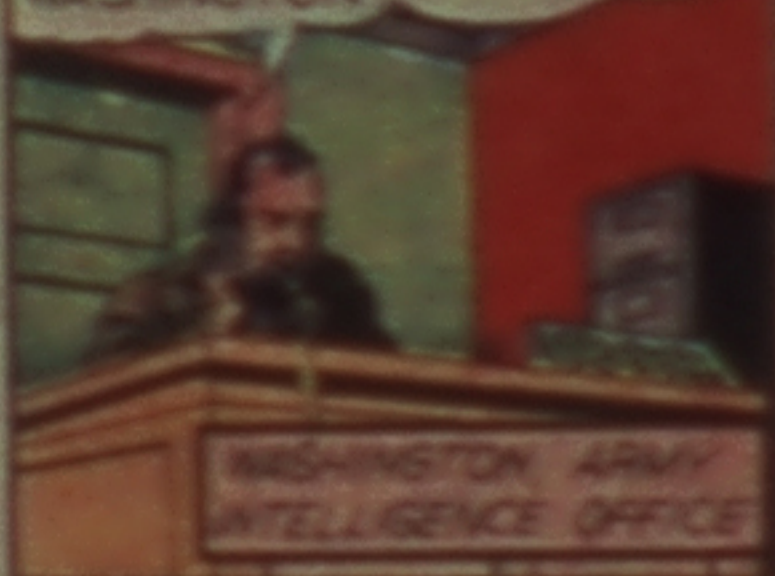
36 GUNS!

13000
HORSE-
POWER!



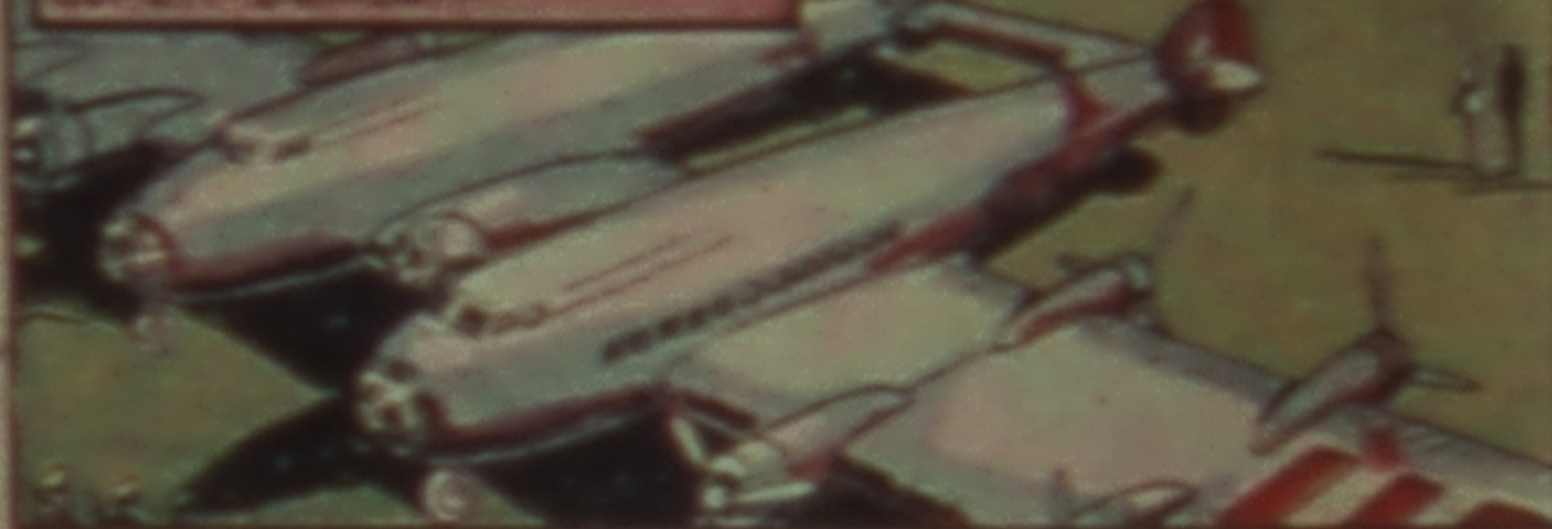
FOREIGN SPIES PLOT~

STEAL THAT BOMBER?
ABSURD, BRUCE! 1000
TROOPS WILL GUARD IT IN
WASHINGTON!



WASHINGTON ARMY
INTELLIGENCE OFFICE

AND AT BOLLING FIELD IN
WASHINGTON IS THE PRIDE
OF THE ARMY: THE NEW
SUPER-BOMBER!



MEANWHILE, A SUSPECTED
SPY HAS BEEN ARRESTED.

WELL, THIS NOTE'S
INTERESTING. IT GOES
TO COLONEL JORDAN.



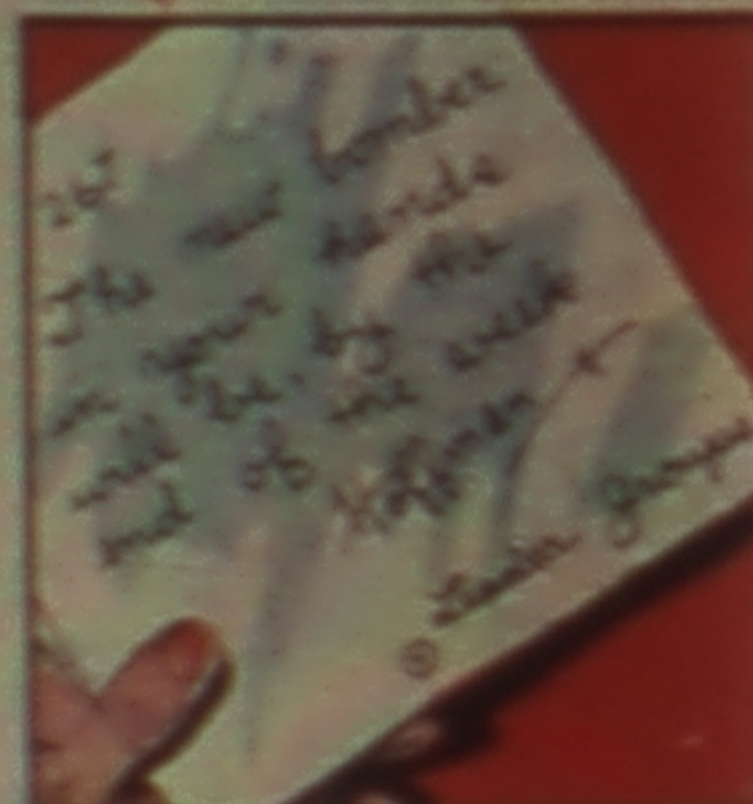
GIVE
IT BACK! IT'S
MINE!

LATER, AT BRUCE'S HARMLESS
LOOKING ANTIQUE SHOP WHICH
HE USES AS A "FRONT."

THINK THERE'S ANYTHING TO
THIS NOTE, BRUCE?



HMM!



BUT I TELL YOU, THAT
INVERSION IS TYPICAL
OF THEIR LANGUAGE! I'LL
BET THE BAND IS BEHIND
IT, COLONEL!



FOLLOW IT
UP, BRUCE!

10 MINUTES LATER

SERGEANT GURK, THIS
IS GOING TO BE A
TOUGH CASE!

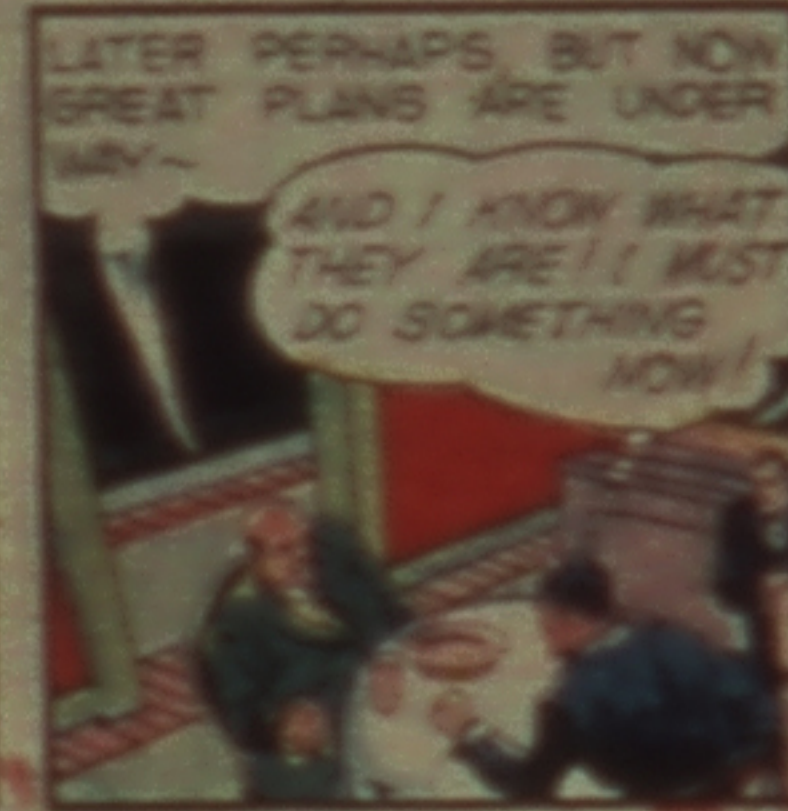
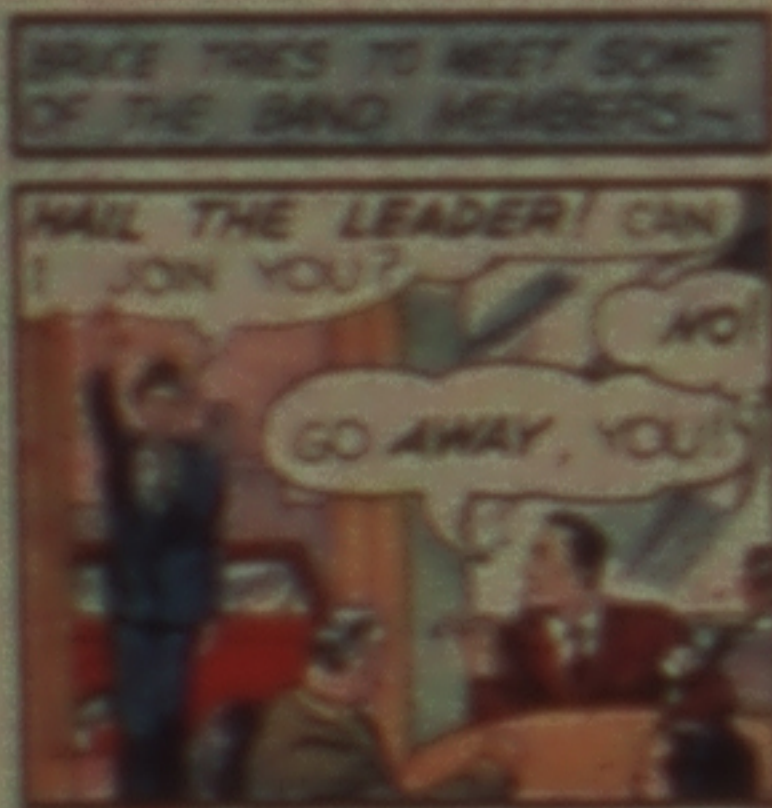
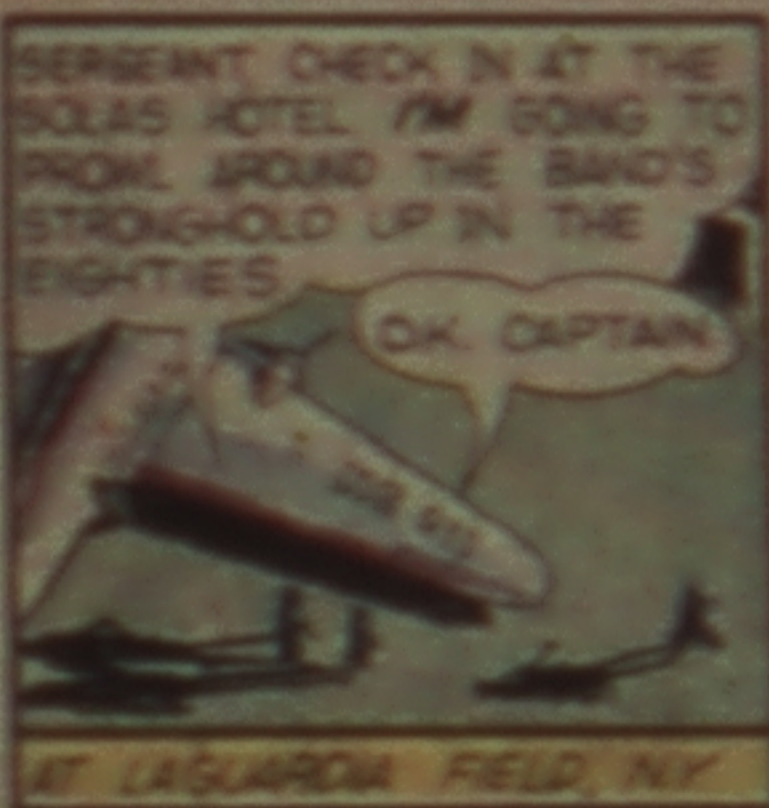


WE'VE
HAD
TOUGHER,
CAPTAIN!

AN HOUR LATER ON
A NEW YORK PLANE

BUT~ ANOTHER PASSENGER
WATCHES BRUCE AND GURK.





AND AN HOUR LATER—

LEADER, YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HIM BEAT THAT ARMY SERGEANT HERE IS A MAN FOR THE CAUSE!



YES! THE BAND NEEDS SUCH AS HE!

NOW WE GO TO SANDFIELD, AND SEE THE TESTS OF THE NEW KADAVERGAS!



KADAVERGAS?

BUT GURK, WITHOUT BRUCE'S KNOWLEDGE, FOLLOWS!

I'M WORRIED ABOUT THE CAPTAIN!



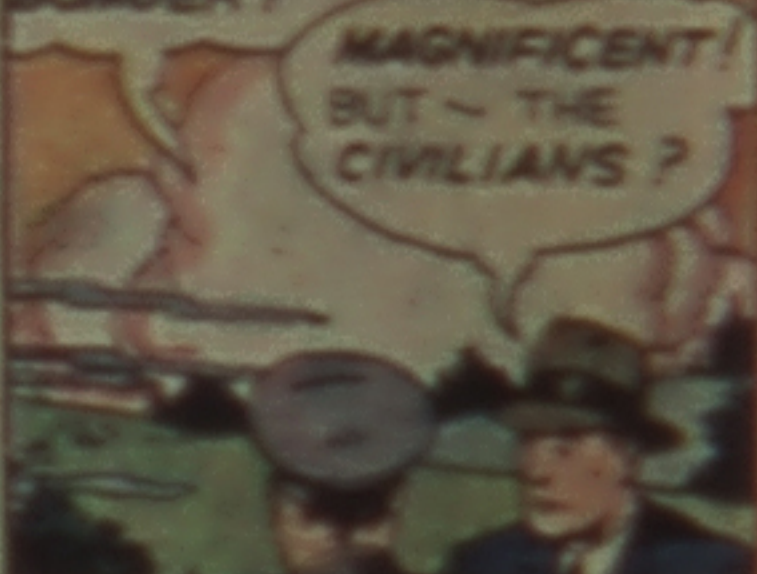
YES—KADAVERGAS! WITH IT WE STEAL THE NEW YANKEE BOMBER FOR THE HOMELAND



AT SANDFIELD, A SMALL VIAL OF GAS BREAKS NEAR TWO GOATS TETHERED IN A FIELD



YOU SEE, HERR BLACK, WHAT HAPPENS TO THE 1000 TROOPS GUARDING THAT BOMBER?



MAGNIFICENT! BUT—THE CIVILIANS?

WHAT ARE SEVERAL THOUSAND CIVILIANS COMPARED TO THE CAUSE?



NOTHING! THIS IS WORSE THAN I BELIEVED!

AND YOU, MR BLACK, WILL BE ONE OF THE MEN WHO WILL STEAL THAT BOMBER!



IN HONOR MY LEADER!

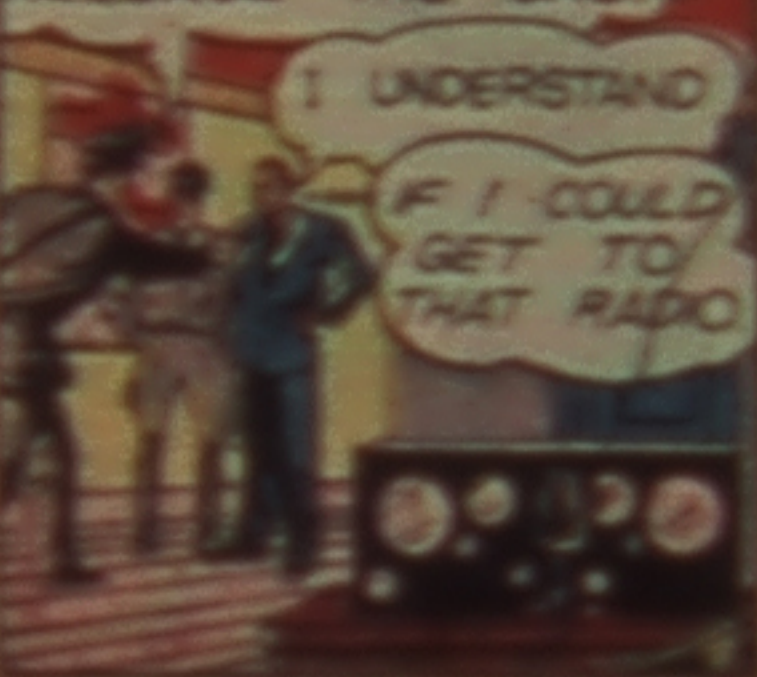
THE NEXT MORNING—

THE PLANE IS READY, MY LEADER!



WE WILL GO!

YOU MR BLACK, WILL RELEASE THE GAS!



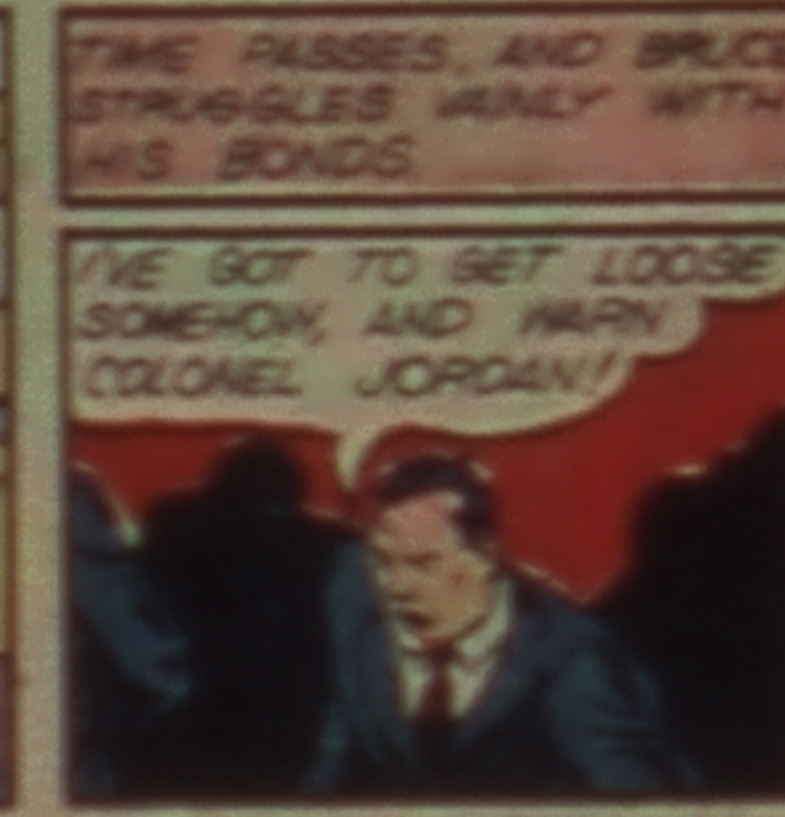
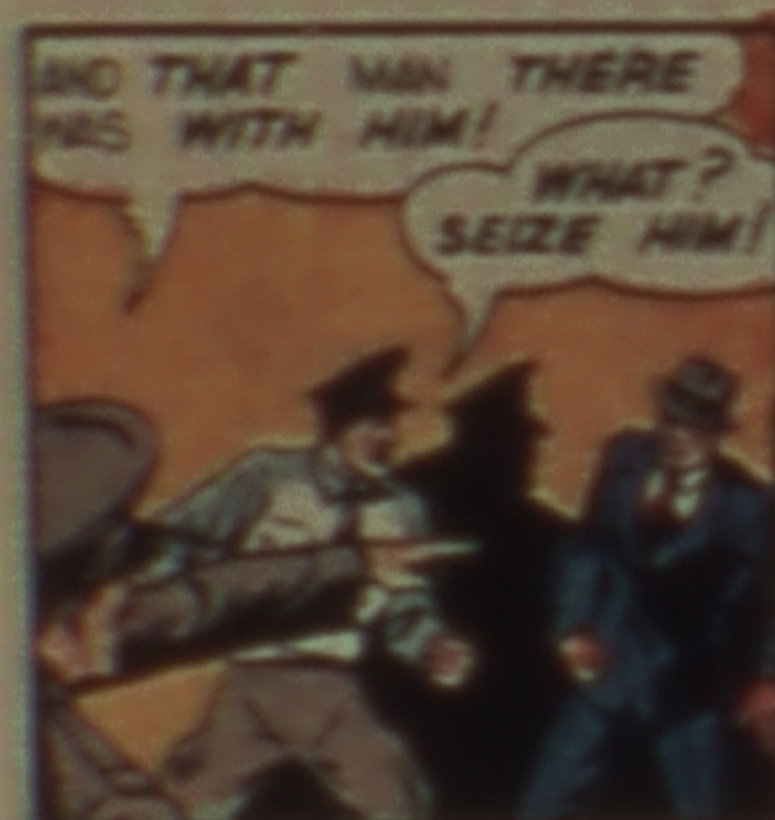
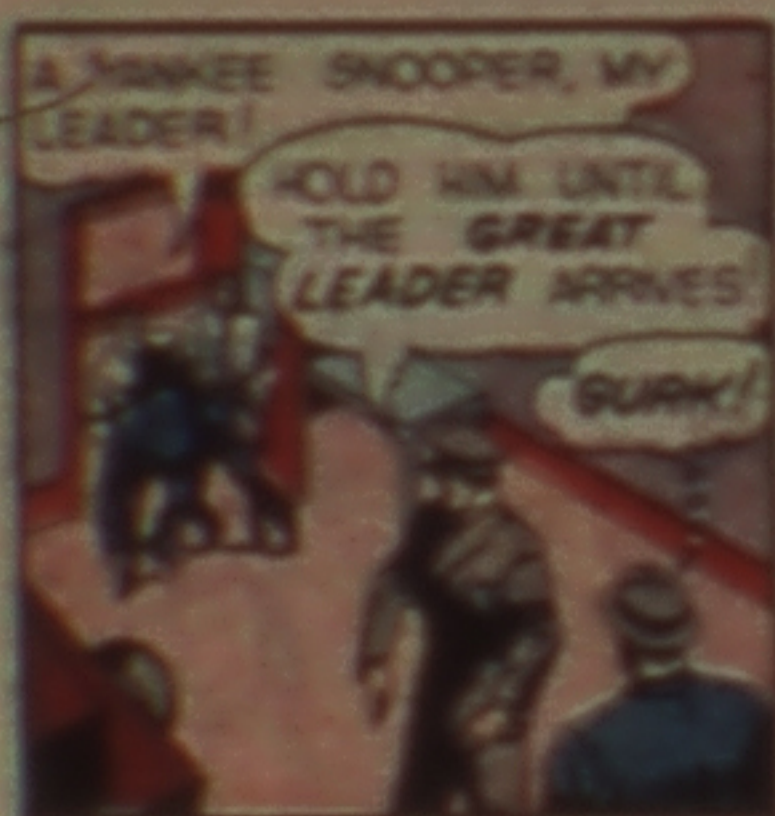
I UNDERSTAND IF I COULD GET TO THAT RADIO

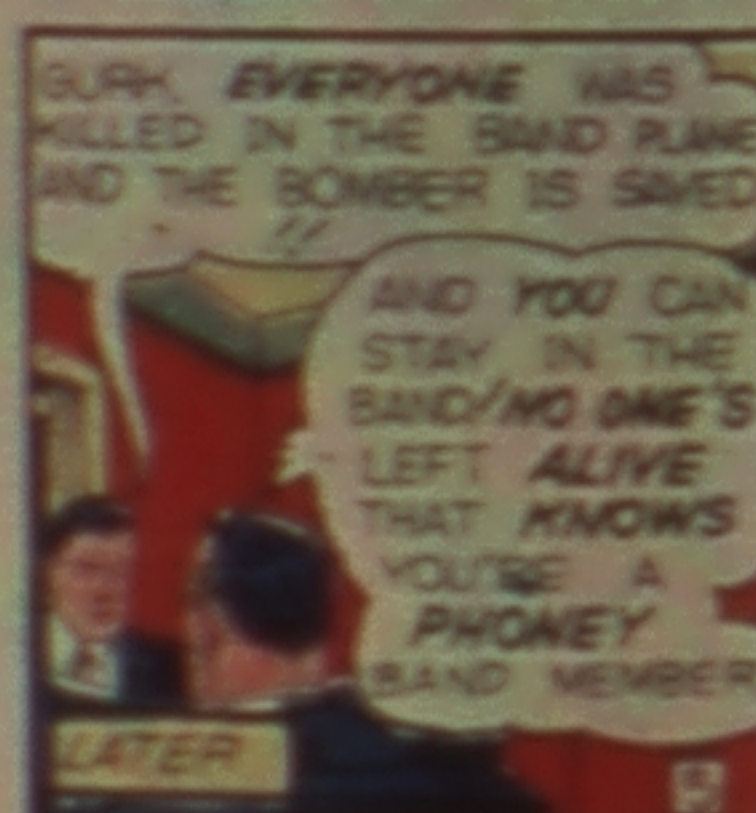
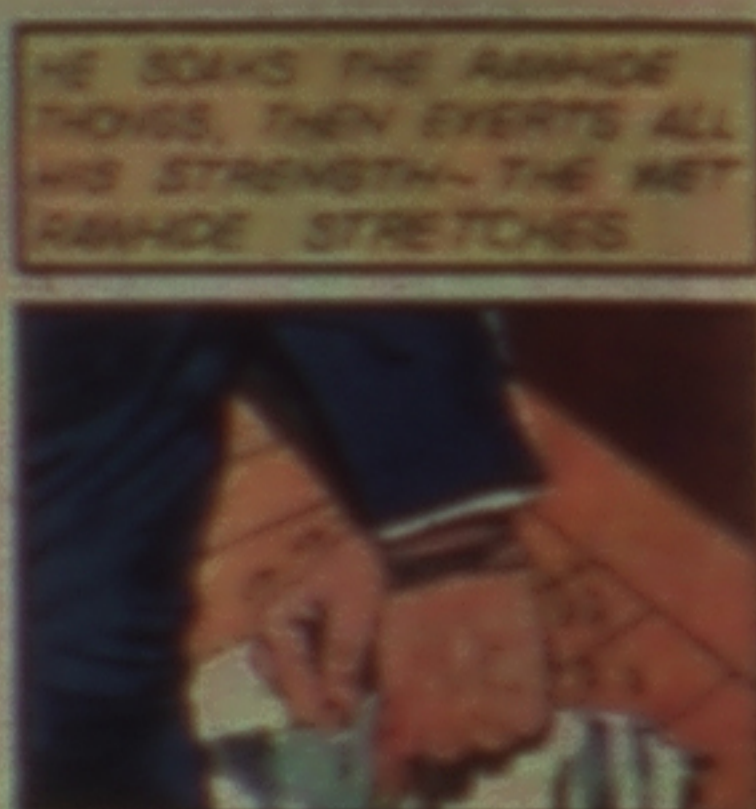
MEANWHILE, GURK IS SKULKING AROUND SANDFIELD



GOT HIM! THE YANKEE SNOOPER!

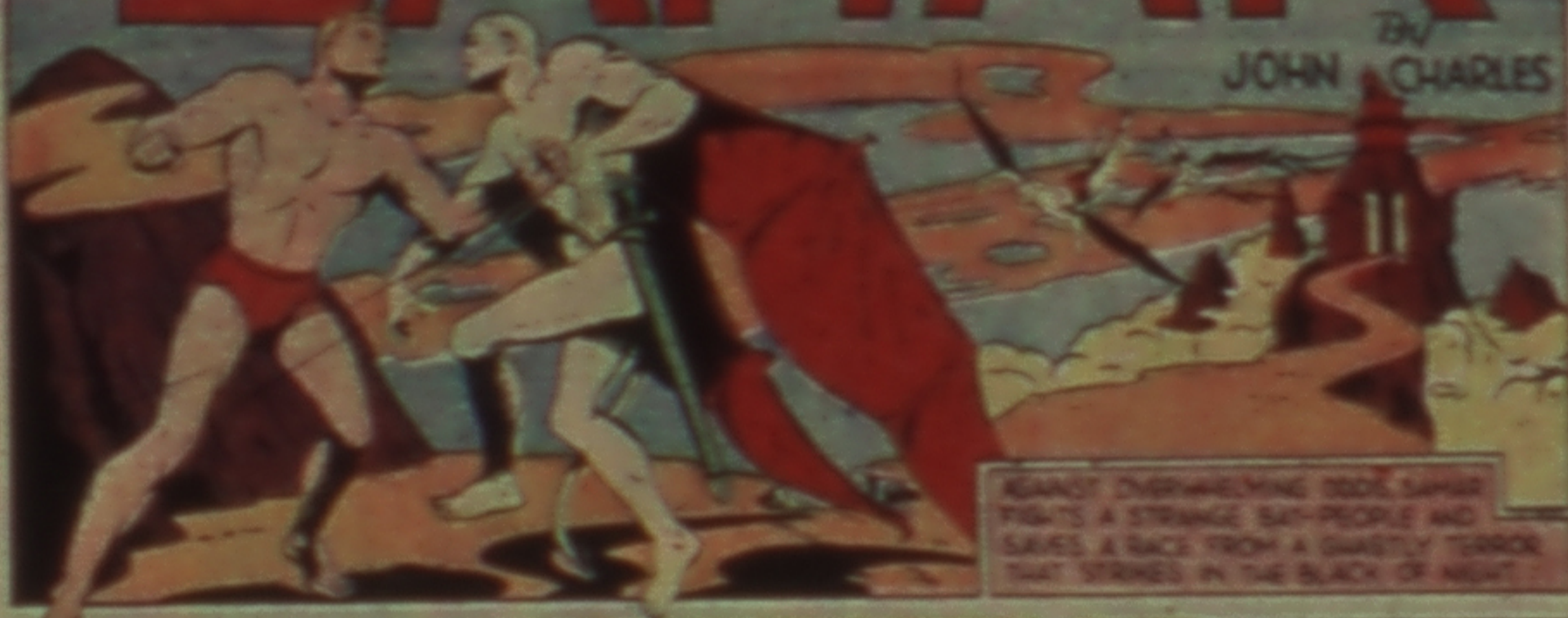






SAMAR

BY
JOHN CHARLES



NEARST OVERWHELMING ODDS, SAMAR FIGHTS A STRANGE BAT-PEOPLE AND SAVES A RACE FROM A GHOSTLY TERROR THAT STRIKES IN THE BLACK OF NIGHT.

SAMAR SWINGS THROUGH THE TREES TOWARD THE CITY OF THE HORRORS, A HIGHLY CIVILIZED LOST WHITE TRIBE.



PRINCE LANS MESSENGER SAID HIS PEOPLE ARE IN GRAVE DANGER AND NEED MY HELP!



WHAT'S THAT? A BODY BELOW?

HE DROPS TO THE GROUND AND A GHOSTLY LIGHT MEETS HIS EYES.



HE'S DEAD! DRAINED OF BLOOD! NO ANIMAL COULD HAVE DONE THIS!

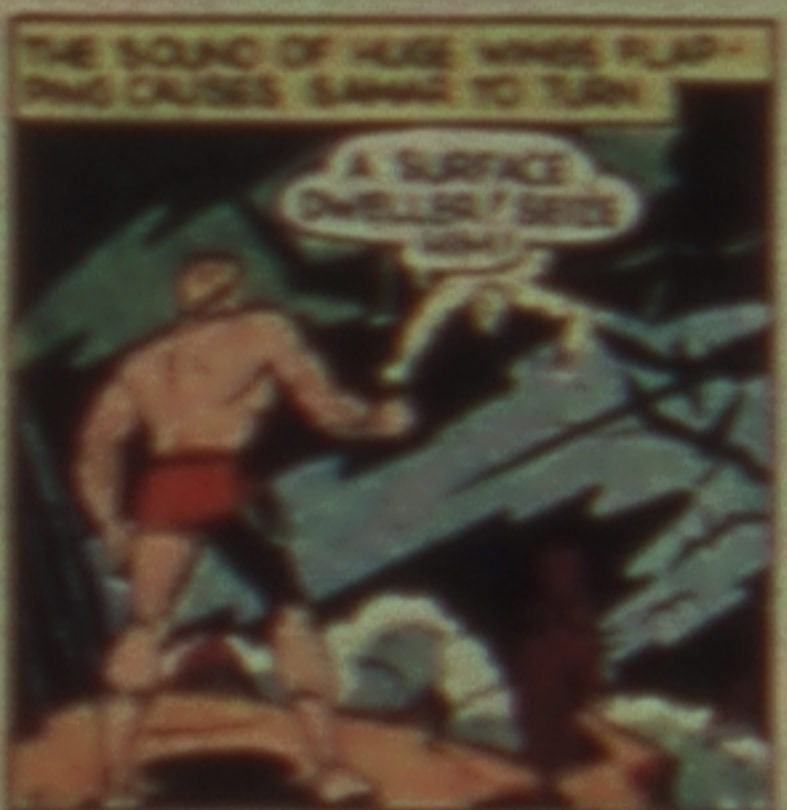
SEVERAL FIGURES APPEAR FROM THE CITY'S OUTSKIRTS.



SAMAR! YOU HAVE COME!

THIS IS THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH THAT HAS TAKEN TOLL OF MY PEOPLE LATELY LEAVING THOSE TWO STRANGE MARKS ON THEIR THROATS. WE KNOW NOT WHO IS RESPONSIBLE. THE MORE SUPERSTITIOUS WHISPER OF VAMPIRES!

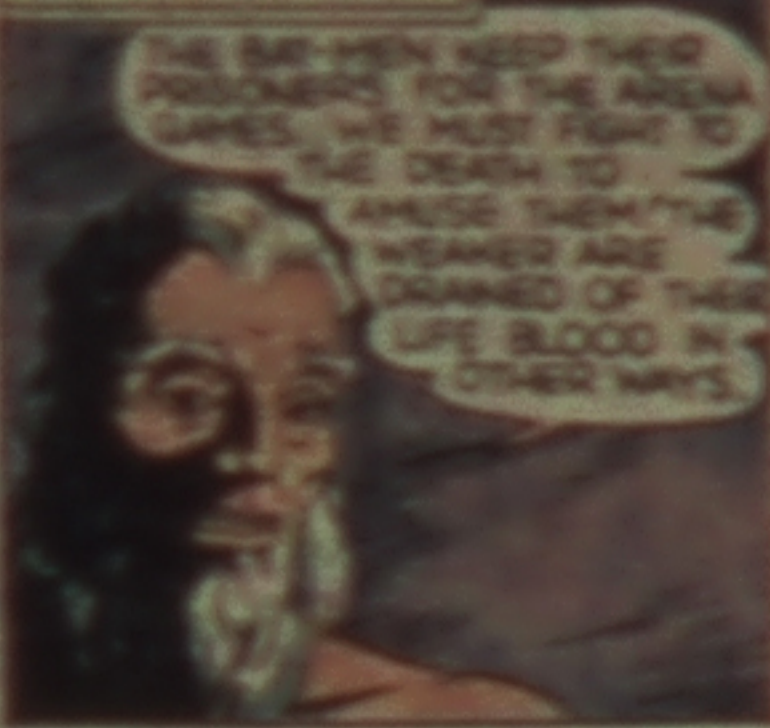




SAHAR IS LED INTO A DUNGEON
WHERE THE CAPTIVES HOLD ON.



ONE OF THE CAPTIVES TELLS
SAHAR HIS STORY



SING YOUR CHANT
LOUDLY!



THE GUARDS ATTRACTED BY THE
NOISE RUSH TO THE DUNGEON.



THE GUARDS ARE NO MATCH FOR
SAHAR AND THE DESPERATE
CAPTIVES.



BIND THE GUARDS! WE MUST
BE QUICK! DOWN THE
CORRIDOR!



THE CORRIDOR ENDS AT AN ABRUPT
PRECIPICE



PREPARE FOR TROUBLE!
HERE COME MORE
BAT-MEN!



SAHAR AND THE CAPTIVES BATTLE
BRAVELY BUT THIS TIME THEIR
OPPONENTS
ARE TOO MUCH



THEY ARE OVERCOME AND
CARRIED OFF.



THEY ARRIVE AT THE BAT-MEN'S ARENA



THE MONSTROUS LIONS ADVANCE FROM OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE ARENA.



LOOK AT THOSE BEASTS TEARING EACH OTHER TO PIECES!



AND WE'RE NEXT!

THE TWO PEOPLE CLASH WITH THE LION AT THE OTHER END.



BRING ON THE SURPRISE! LET THEM FIGHT THE LION NEXT!

WHERE ARE YOUR WEAPONS, NOW WE SHALL SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO, OH GIANT, WHEN GORGIO SNAPS YOUR SPEAR LIKE A TWIST!



AS THEY ENTER THE ARENA THE BLOOD-HATHENED LION RUSHES THEM WITH A SAVAGE ROAR.



THE JUNGLE MONARCH SPRINGS FOR SAMAR'S AID.



TO THE SIDE! I'LL HANDLE HIM!

SAMAR SPRINGS SWIFTLY UPON THE ANIMAL'S BACK.



PUNING HIS SPEAR INTO THE BEAST'S THROAT SAMAR RIDES VICTORIOUS OVER THE DYING LION.



LET HIM FIGHT THE MONSTER NOW! WE WILL SEE HOW THE GIANT FARES WITH THE SCALY ONE!



BUT QUEEN NEVAR HAS OTHER PLANS.

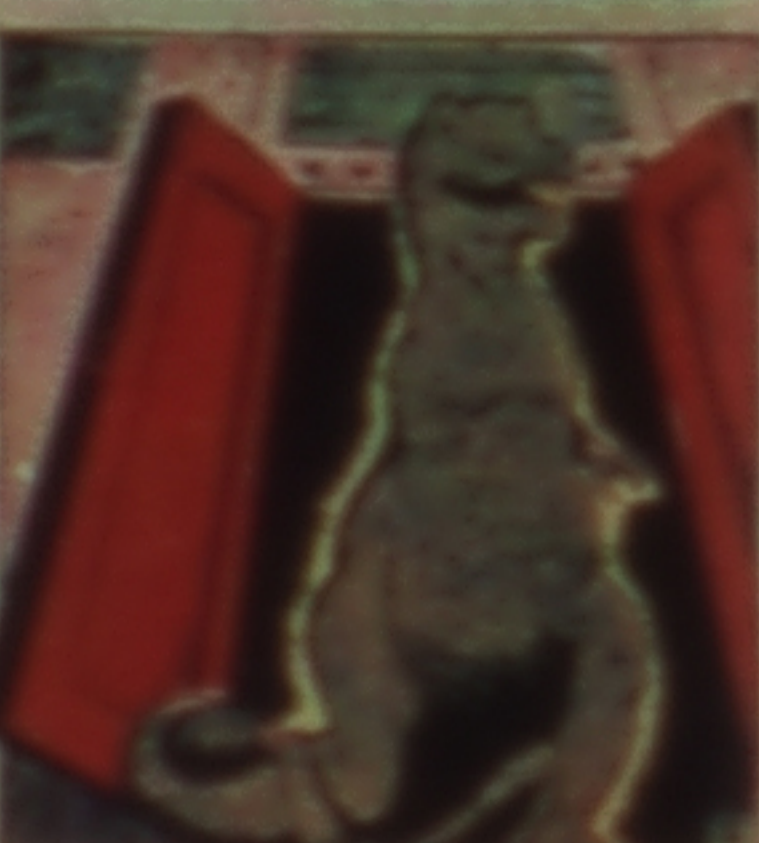
NO! HE WILL BE REWARDED FOR HIS VICTORY. COME MY HANDSOME ONE, YOU SHALL BE MY KING AND BECOME LIKE US!

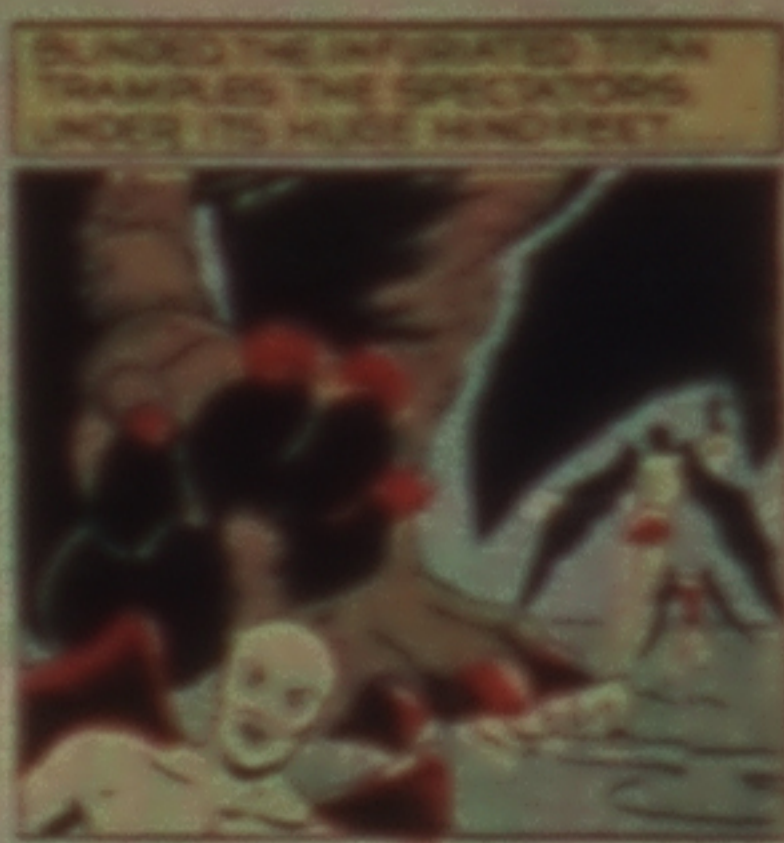
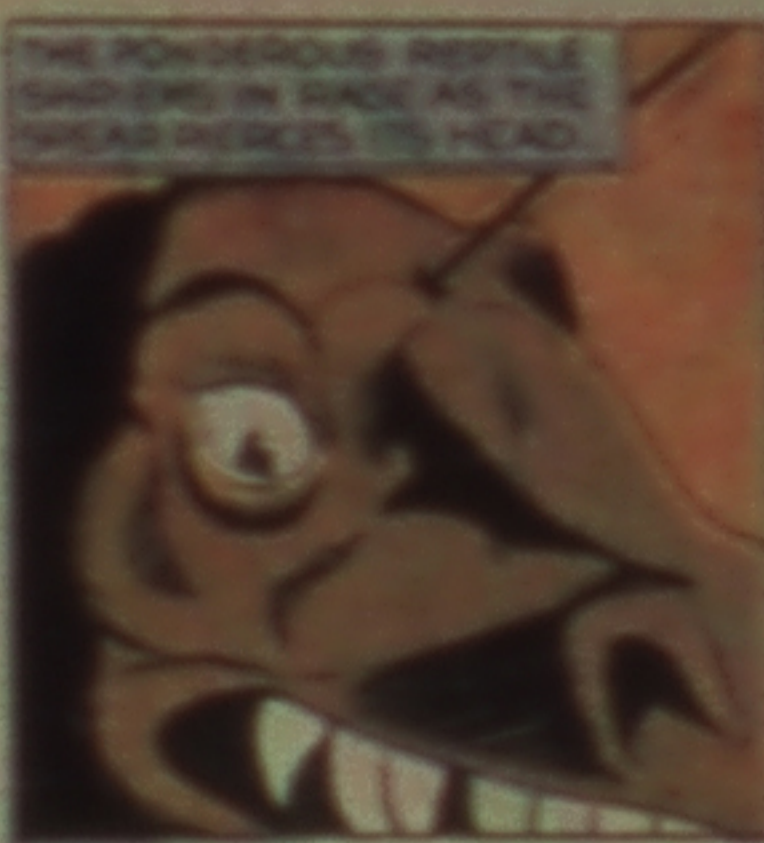


MY LAST WISH WOULD BE TO BECOME YOUR KING!



YOU DARE INSULT ME? YOU SHALL DEY FIGHT HIM AGAINST THE MONSTER!





SPIN SHAW

By Rex Smith

OF THE NAVAL AIR CORPS



DIED IN THE WILDS OF GUATEMALA THE AMERICAN CONSUL WENT ON HIS TOUR OF THE LAND.



THERE'S BEEN A GOOD DEAL OF UNREST AMONG THE NATIVES... SOMETHING ABOUT REVOLT I'VE SENT TO THE STATES FOR A BOMBER!



SUDDENLY A NATIVE COMES SCREAMING FROM THE JUNGLE.



EVIL NATIVES COME... MUST FLEE! THEY KILL!



SUDDENLY A SPEAR HURTLIES INTO HIS BACK.



ARMED NATIVES SPRING FROM THE JUNGLE.



AT THAT MOMENT SPIN SHAW IS LEAVING THE UNITED STATES WITH A PICKED CREW.



LOADING UP THE PLANE, SPIN WANTS BAGEWELL.



AND SHOOTS INTO THE AIR.



BRACEFULLY THE WRECKED BOMBER HEADS FOR SUVAHUA ON ITS GOOD-WILL TOUR



OUR JOB IS TO SHOW THE NATIVES THAT WE HAVE WAR IMPLEMENTS TOO!



FOUR DAYS LATER SPIN BRAW APPROACHES THE LANDING FIELD IN SUVAHUA.



HE IS MET BY THE CONSUL'S AIDE.



KEMNEY ISLAND YOU'RE TO WAIT HERE!



OK, WE'LL EXHIBIT THE PLANE WHILE WE'RE WAITING!

SEVERAL DAYS PASS.

ON THE MORNING OF THE THIRD DAY SPIN BRAW GOES IN SEARCH OF THE AMERICAN CONSUL.



SHORTLY AFTERWARDS THEY COME UPON THE CAMP.



LOOK! THAT MUST HAVE BEEN WHERE HE STAYED! LET'S GO DOWN!

A QUICK SEARCH REVEALS SIGNS OF THE FIGHT.



THEIR GUIDE! THE NATIVES MUST HAVE KILLED HIM!

SWIFTLY THEY TAKE OFF AGAIN.



AND EVENING FINDS THEM FAR INTO THE WILDS.



LOOK! SPIN! LOOK DOWN THERE!

HUNGROUS OVER A FIRE ARE THE TWO MISSING AMERICANS.



IMMEDIATELY SPIN BURNS ABOUT.



HE THROWS THE SWAP INTO A DIVE.



SUDDENLY A KEEN EYED MENNE SEIZES THE SWAP.



SMOOTHER LOW OVER THE GROUND SPIN BURNS THE MOTORS BLOWING MOST OF THE FIRE FROM UNDERNEATH KENNEDY AND HIS AIDE.



SECONDS LATER HE HEADS IN FOR A LANDING.



FROM THE SAFETY OF A ROCK A WHITE MAN WATCHES THE LANDING.



RECOVERING A PORTABLE WEAPON BUT HE CALLS HIS BOSS.



THE OFFICIALS COMFORTABLE SPIN LEAVES THE PLATEAU ONCE MORE.



AND FROM THE CLOUDS TWO HEAVILY ARMED SHIPS DIVE ON THE UNSUSPECTING BOMBER.



COMING INTO RANGE THE LEAD SHIP LETS GO WITH A WICKED BLAST.



WITH A START SPIN HOLDS BREATH.



AND WITH A SHOUT HE DUNNIE
BOMBS HIS SON INTO ACTION.



DOWN BUT NOT OUT SPIN KICKS HIS ENGINE.



SUDDENLY THE UNDER DUNNIE
RAISES THE BIRD FROM NOSE
TO TAIL.



UNMOUNTED THE OTHER PLANE
CLOSES IN.....



A FLAMING CLIFF IN THE LEAD SHIP
NORTH LIES DUNNIE'S WAY.



QUICKLY SPIN WINGS OVER AND
GIVES HIS DUNNIE A CLEAR VIEW.



AND THE SECOND SHIP RECEIVES
A BELLFUL OF LEAD.....



SECONDS LATER THE PLANE WITH
THE SIGN OF A MOUNTAIN.



IMMEDIATELY SPIN HEADS FOR
HOME.

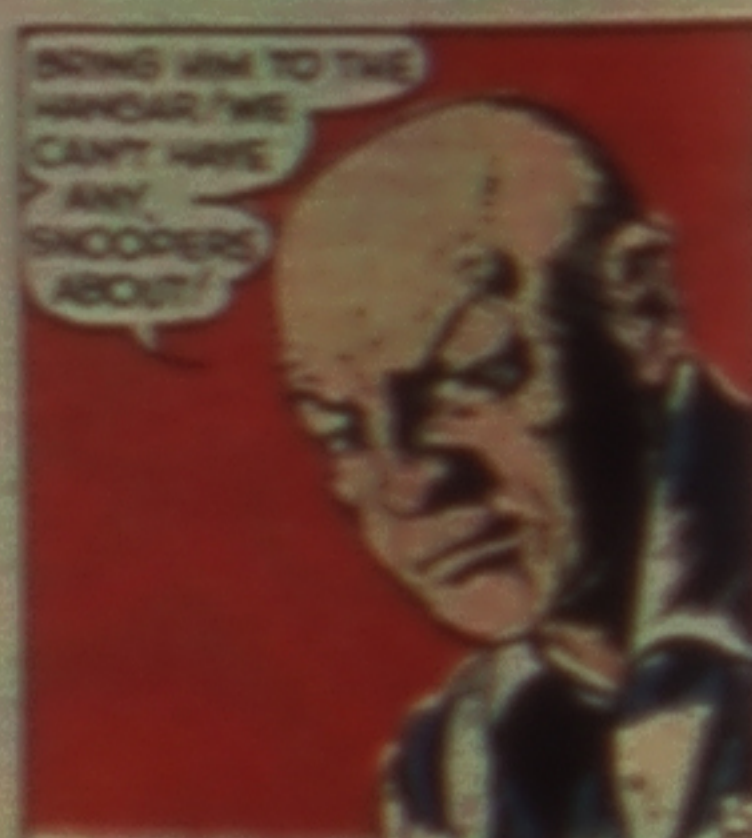
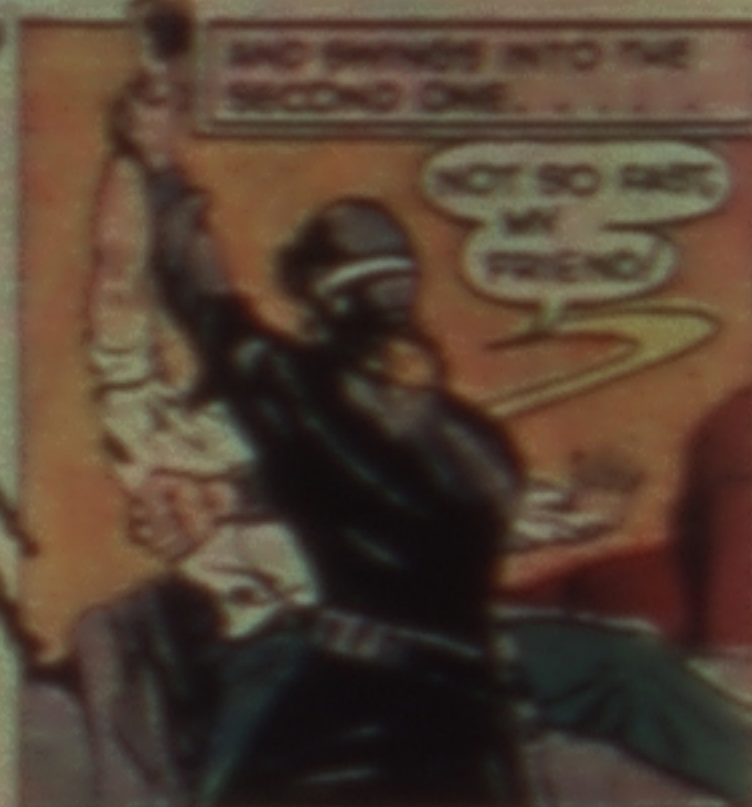
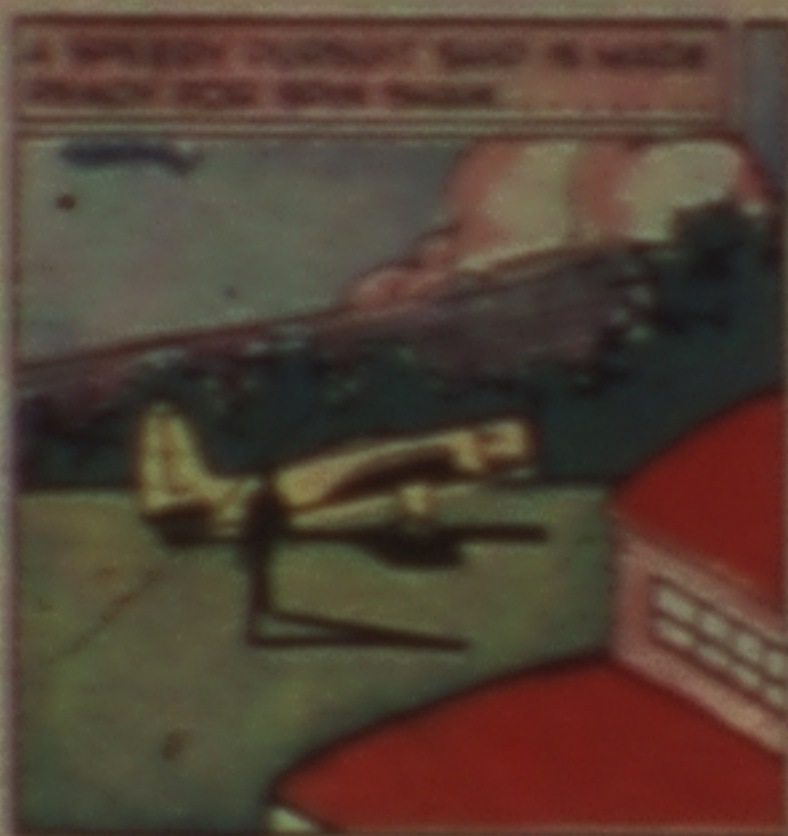


SEVERAL HOURS LATER SPIN
REACHES HIS BASE.....



YOU'LL HAVE TO GO UNOFFICIALLY
AND TAKE AN UNMARKED PLANE!
IF YOU GET INTO TROUBLE WE
WON'T BE ABLE
TO HELP YOU
OFFICIALLY!







LALA PALOOZA



PARDON ME, AREN'T YOU VINCENT PALOOZA WHO USED TO GO TO SCHOOL WITH ME?

I'M VINCENT PALOOZA—AND I USED TO GO TO SCHOOL—WHEN THEY MADE ME!



OH! I REMEMBER YOU! YOU'RE 'HOUSE' DAVIS! HI YA 'HOUSE'? GOSH! I'VEN'T GROWN MUCH!



I WANT YOU TO COME HOME TO DINNER WITH ME AND MEET MY WIFE!

GOLLY! DID SOME GIRL MARRY YOU, 'HOUSE'?



HERE WE ARE—AH, VINCENT, IT'S GREAT I HAVE A HOME OF YOUR OWN—IT'S TOO BAD YOU NEVER MARRIED!

IS IT?



YOU WILL THROW ASHES ON MY RUG, YOU NORM?



THAT SECOND HALLOP WAS FOR STEALING THOSE MILK BOTTLES THAT HAD TWO CENTS DEPOSIT ON 'EM!



ER—THE LITTLE LADY ISN'T QUITE HERSELF TODAY, VINCENT—LET'S GET A BITE FOR OURSELVES FROM THE ICEBOX!



OH DARLINGS—WE'D LIKE A BITE TO EAT—IS THERE ANYTHING TASTY IN THE ICEBOX?



TAKE A LOOK, INSECT!



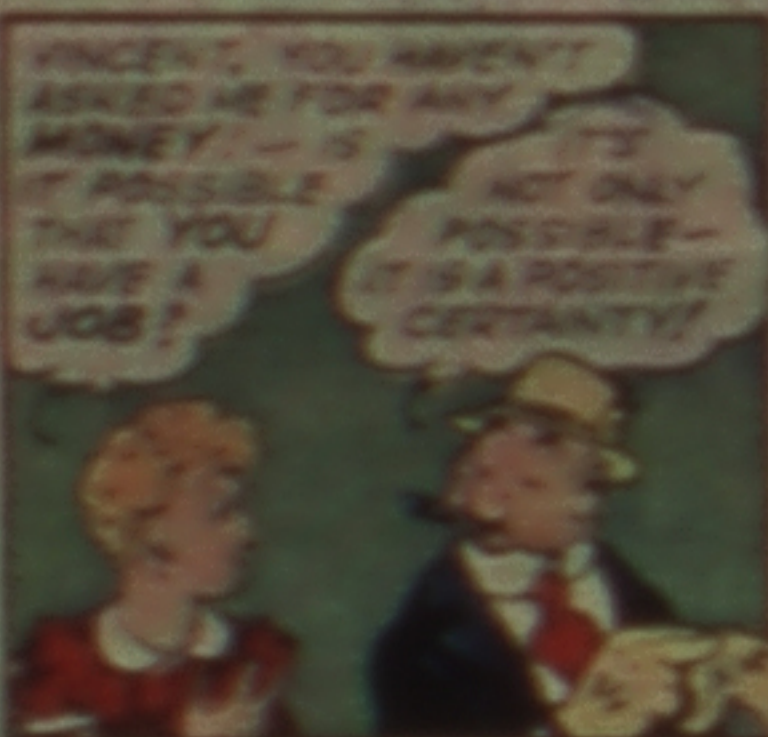
I GOT YA, 'HOUSE'!



I HOPE THEY'LL ACCEPT HIM IN THIS PLACE!

BIDE-A-WHILE SHELTER FOR HOMELESS SMALL ANIMALS.

Lala Palooza

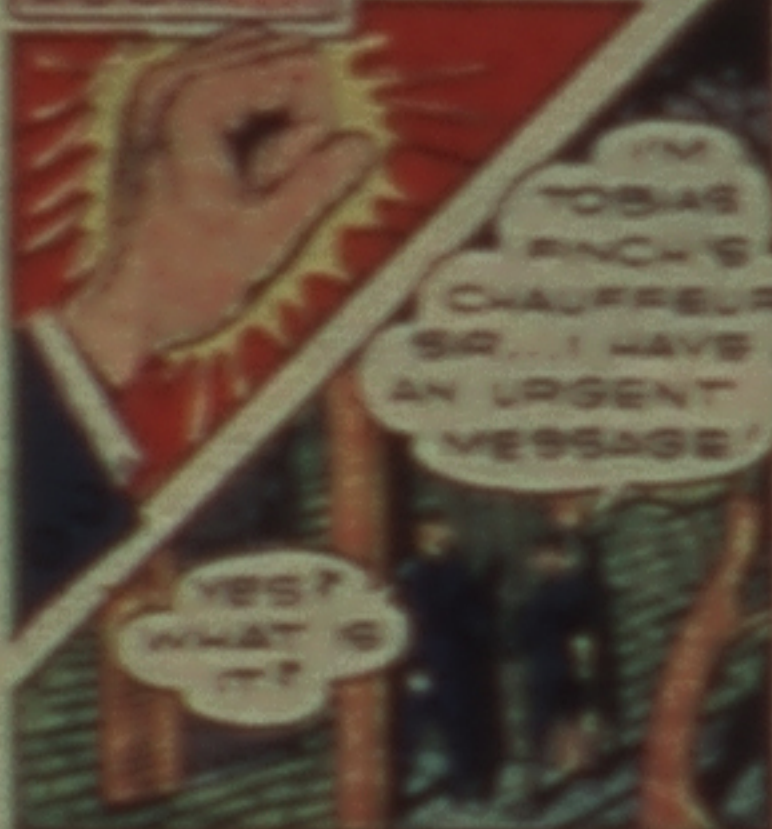


ZERO

THE GHOST
A DETECTIVE

THE FORCES OF THE SUPERNATURAL BOY TO ONLY ONE MORTAL... THE MAN WHO CAN FANE GHOSTS... ZERO

AS DARKNESS FALLS A SHARP KNOCK BRINGS THE FAMOUS GHOST-DETECTIVE TO HIS DOOR.



"I'M TOBIAS RINCH'S CHAUFFEUR, SR... I HAVE AN URGENT MESSAGE!"

"YES? WHAT IS IT?"

"MY EMPLOYER BEGS YOU TO COME WITH US AT ONCE. HIS NECE... SHE'S IN GREAT DANGER!"

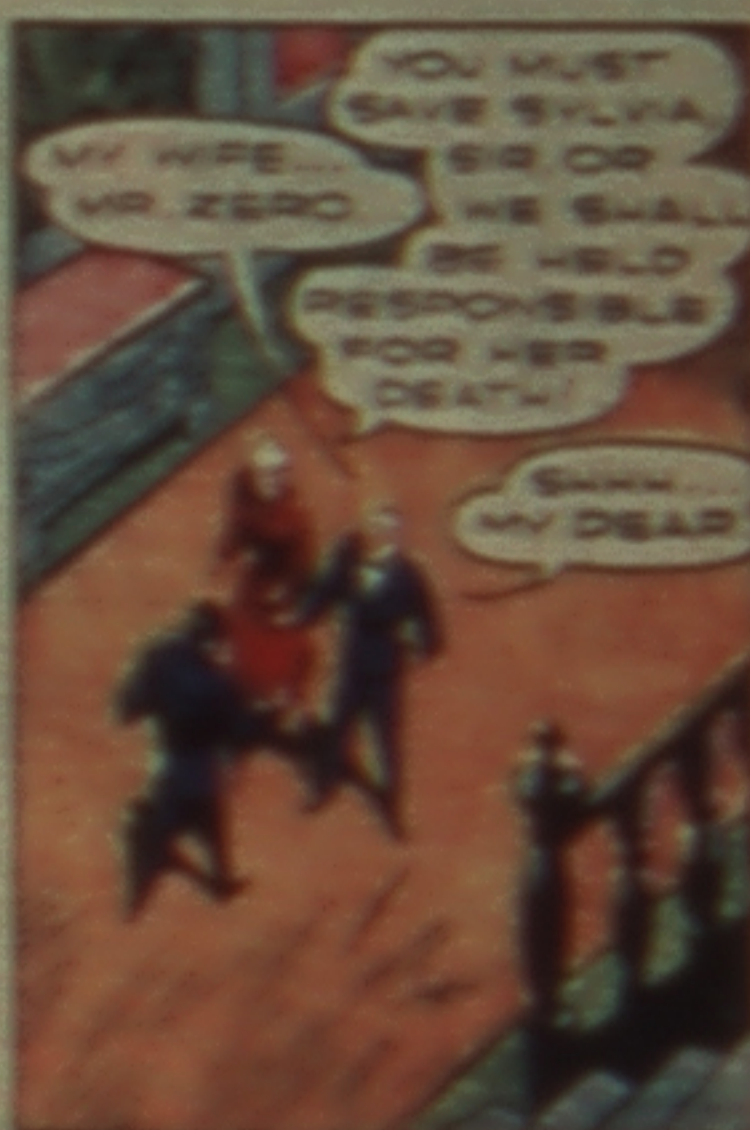
"SURELY I'LL BE WITH YOU RIGHT AWAY!"



IN A LUXURIOUS BUT OUT-DATED ROLLS ROYCE, ZERO IS DRIVEN TO THE HOME OF THE WEALTHY TOBIAS RINCH.

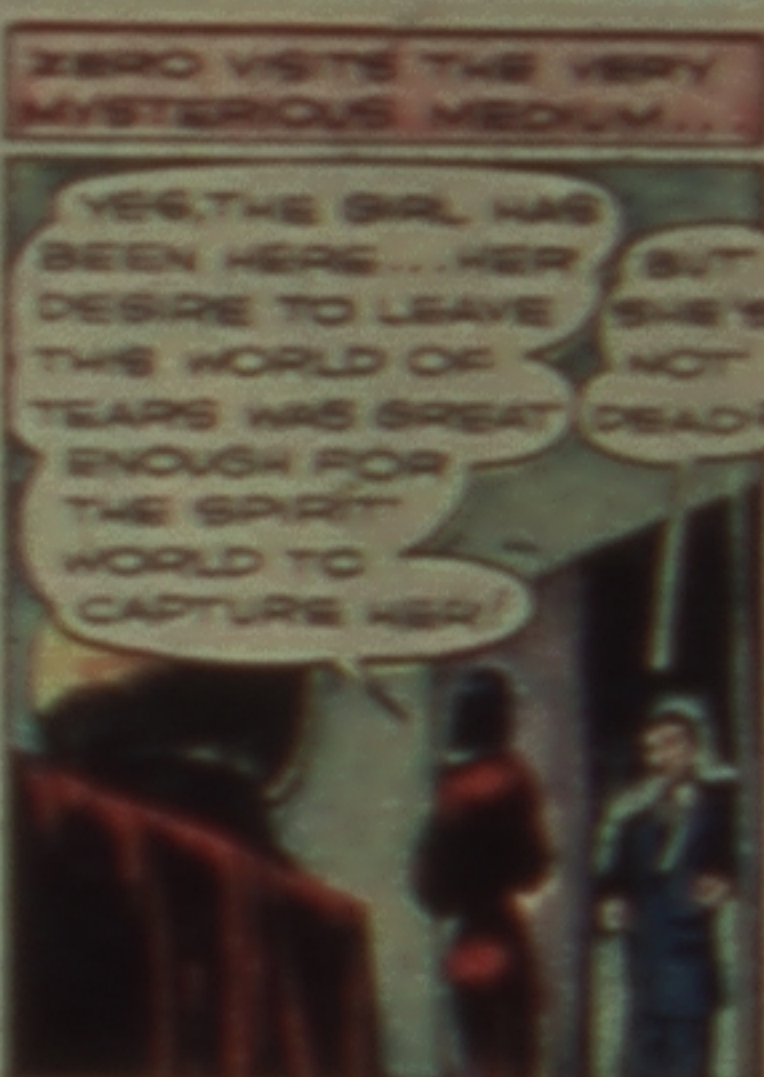
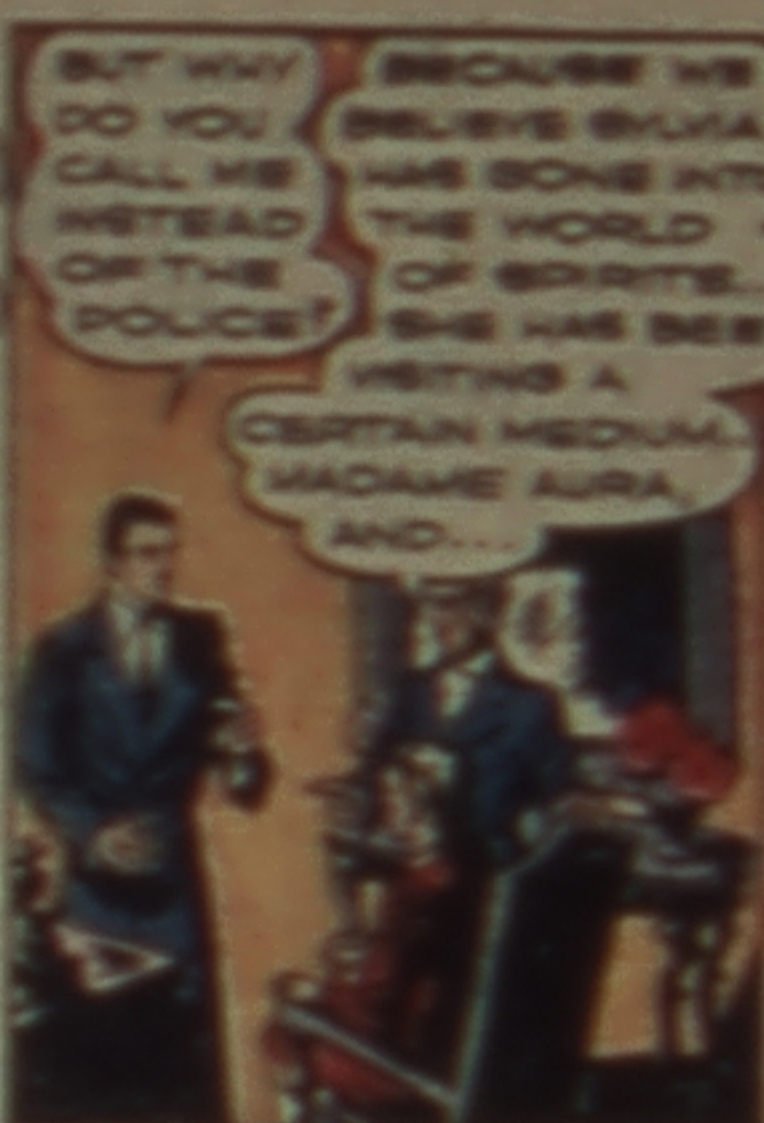


"AH... MR. ZERO! THANK YOU FOR COMING!"



"YOU MUST SAVE SYLVIA, SR. OR WE SHALL BE HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR HER DEATH!"

"SHHH... MY DEAR!"



HE IS TRANSPORTED TO A REAL-
THETIC FOREST WHERE HEARD
BARK TREES LOOK DOWN UP
ON HIM THREATENINGLY...



"MOST
TREES GROW-
ING FROM A
DECEASED
FOREST!"



HE TURNS TO SEE A SLIM
GIRL SURROUNDED BY A
GROUP OF SHADY FORMS



"SYLVIA!
LEAVE THIS
DEAD LAND!
COME BACK!"

"YOUR UNCLE
PROMISES YOU
FREEDOM TO
DO AS YOU
PLEASE!"



"NO...THIS IS MY WORLD
THE SPIRITS ARE MY
ONLY FRIENDS...THE
OTHERS ARE TOO
CRUEL!"



"NO!
NO!"

"SYLVIA!
LISTEN TO
ME!"

THE GHOSTS STEP BETWEEN
THEM AND FORCE ZERO
BACK.....



"THANK
YOU MY
FRIENDS!"

THE HEATHS DISAPPEAR
WITH THE GIRL....



"A WALL OF
TREES! NOW
WHERE IS
SHE?"

SUDDENLY

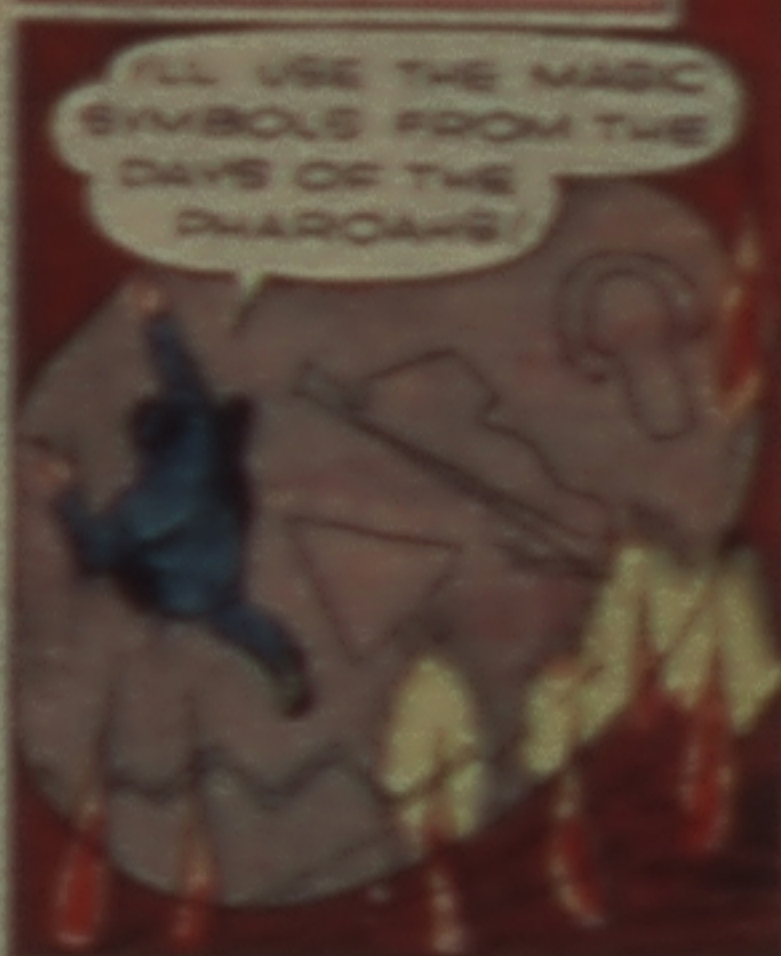


"FIRE WDS!
SENT TO PLAGUE
ME!"

THE BLAZING DEVILS LOCK
AT ZERO, SNAGGING HIS
HAIR AND CLOTHING.



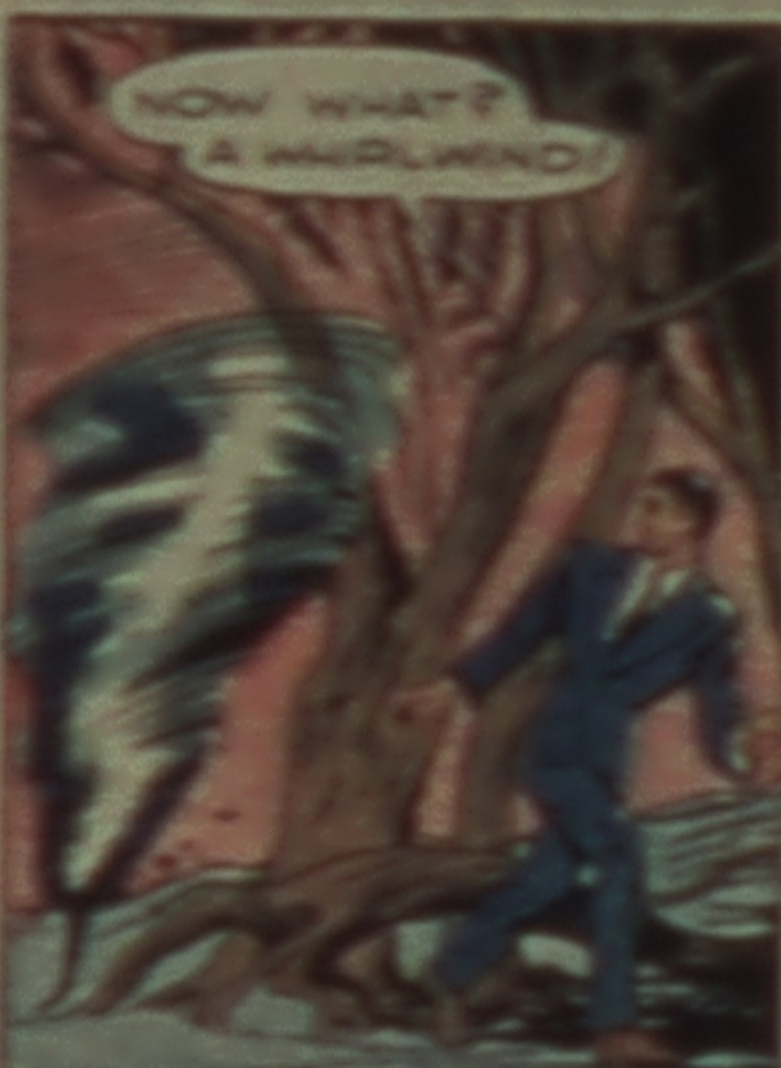
WITH HIS FINGER HE
TRACES A CIRCLE ON
THE GROUND.



THE MOBS ARE DRAWN
TOGETHER IN THE MYSTIC
RING.



AND UP IN A SINGLE PLANE
THAT SOON EXTINGUISHES
ITSELF.



ZERO IS WHISKED UP IN
THE SWIRLING FURY.



THE WIND TURNS TO A
GIGANTIC HAND THAT
CLUTCHES ZERO IN A
DEATH GRIP.



MY 'RING OF THE
MOON'. IF I CAN
ONLY CATCH A
BEAM.



THERE! THAT DOES IT!
TURN TO WATER, HAND
OF THE GHOST
WIND!



ZERO FALLS INTO THE
POOL OF HIS OWN
MAKING



AND ON A BARREN ROCK
STANDS THE GIRL ALONE,
AND WEEPING.



LOOKS LIKE AN
UNHAPPY JACK!
WHERE ARE ALL HER
DADS NOW?



SYLVIA,
POOR CHILD
WILL YOU
LISTEN TO
ME NOW?
THEY
HAVE ALL
GONE....
THEY HAVE
LEFT ME!



ARE YOU READY
TO COME BACK TO
THOSE WHO REALLY
LOVE YOU?



OH YES, YES THE
GHOSTS HAVE NOT
BEEN FRIENDS
THEY HAVE
TRICKED AND
BETRAYED ME!



AS SHE SAYS THE WORDS,
THE GHOST FOREST VANISHES.
ONLY A FEW DETRIPIED
STUMPS REMAIN IN THE
VAST DESERT BEFORE
THEM.....



YOU SEE, ALL YOUR FEARS
AND HATREDS WERE IMAGINARY!
YOU THOUGHT YOUR-
SELF INTO UNREAL WORLDS
NOW YOUR
WISHES WILL
BRING YOU
BACK TO
HAPPINESS

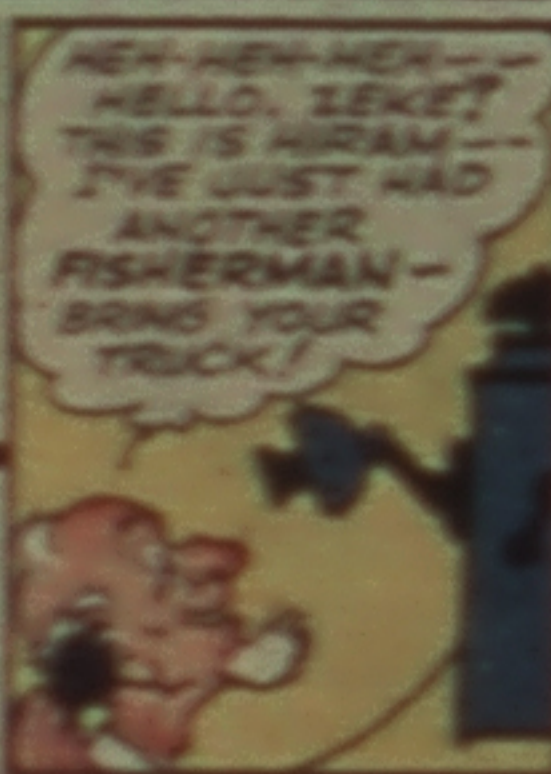
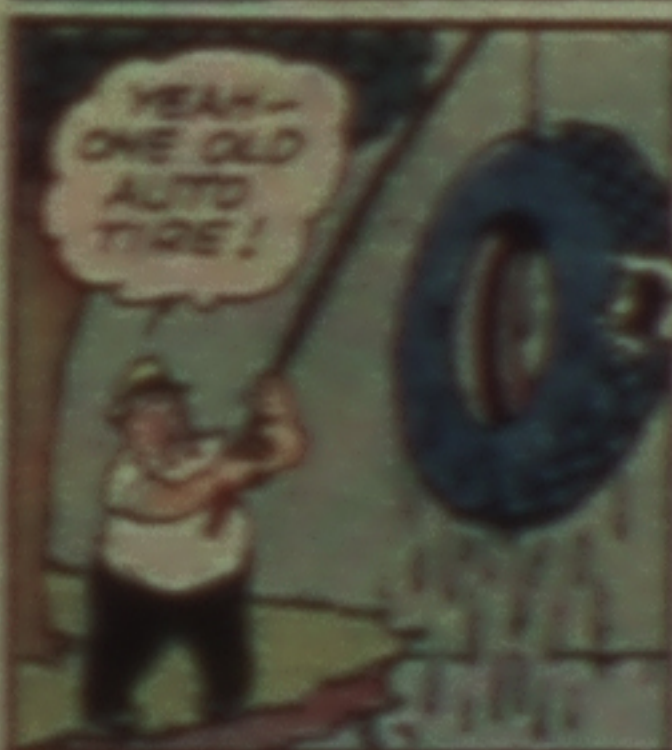


SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

THEY HAVE
LEARNED THEIR LESSONS!
I GUESS MY WORK HERE
IS DONE!
WE'LL NEVER
INTERFERE
WITH ANY-
ONE'S
LIFE
AGAIN!



BIG TOP



BIG TOP

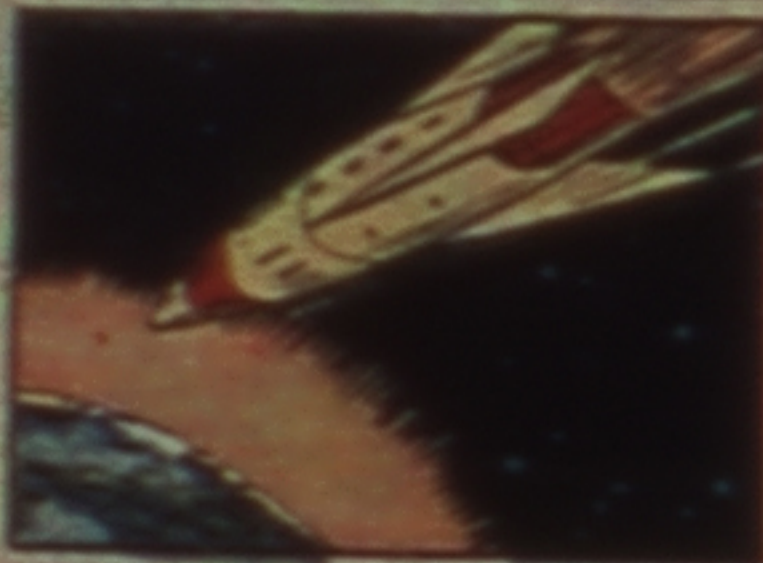


ACE OF SPACE

By
ARRY FRANCIS CAMPBELL
 And
H. Weston Taylor

BRINGING TERROR
 TO LAWLESS MEN
 AND NATIONS,
 COMES THAT MIGHTY
 MAN - THE ACE
 OF SPACE

AS ACE EGAN, YOUNG MILLIONAIRE SPORTSMAN, TURNS HIS PLANE BACK TOWARD HIS COUNTRY ESTATE, INTO OUR STRATOSPHERE ROARS A CRAFT FROM OUTER SPACE.



AND, AS IF DRAWN BY A MAGNET, HEADS FOR ACE'S ESTATE.



I DON'T BELIEVE IT! A SPACE SHIP - IF THERE IS SUCH A THING!



THE SHIP COMES TO REST IN A FIELD ON ACE'S ESTATE



ACE SETS DOWN BESIDE IT

WHAT TH' --- NOW I AM SEEING THINGS!

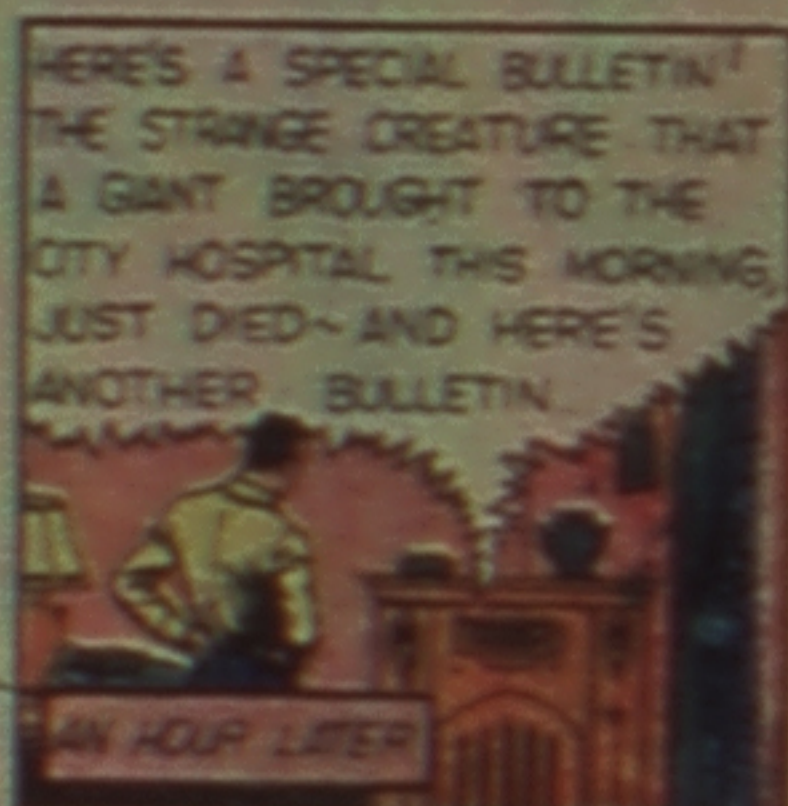


FROM THE SPACE SHIP COMES A STRANGE GIANT

GREAT GUNS! IT-HE LOOKS TILL! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, OLD TIMER?

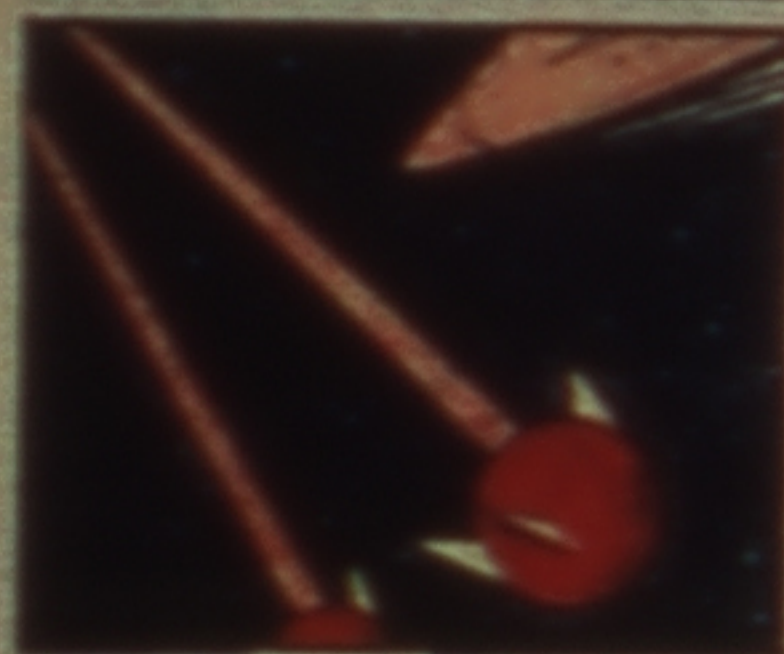








THE POWER OF THE BELT GUIDES ACE'S ACTIONS.



DON'T KNOW HOW I KNOW THIS, BUT IF I FLY THRU THOSE LINES, THOSE DEVILS WILL -



AND THE LAST ENEMY SHIP FALLS EARTHWARD

LEAVING HIS INVISIBLE SHIP IN THE FIELD, ACE GOES HOME

OH MR. ACE SIR, I WOULDN'T WORRY JENNINGS

THE WORLD IS COMING TO AN END



THE DANGER IS OVER - SOME ACE OF SPACE ATTACKED AND DESTROYED OUR ENEMY -



HERE'S ACE EGAN - YOU'RE NOT THE ACE OF SPACE, ARE YOU?



ACE'S CLUB, LATER

HEY, LOOK HERE! THIS PAPER SAYS IT THINKS THE GUY THAT TOOK THE 'WHOSIS' TO THE HOSPITAL IS THE ACE OF SPACE!



AND THAT SKETCH THE DOCTOR MADE EVEN LOOKS LIKE ACE HERE!



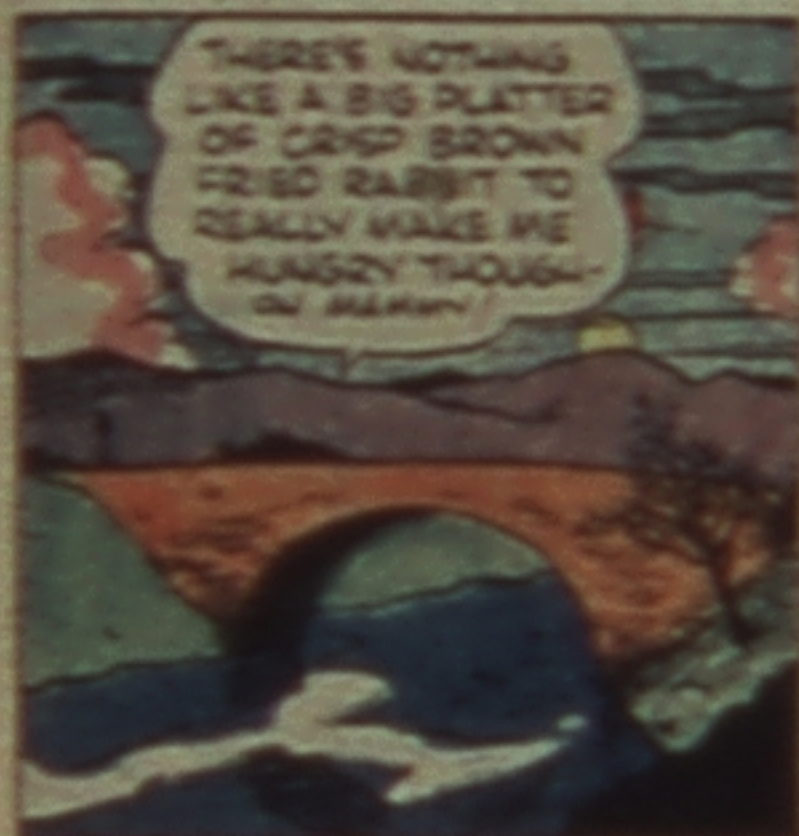
THAT'S AN IDEA I'VE THE POWER OF THE BELT AND THE SPACE SHIP MIGHT AS WELL USE THEM TO DO GOOD IN THE WORLD.



ME? AT HOME ASLEEP!



WITH HIS NEW POWERS, WHO KNOWS WHAT MIGHTY FEATS THE ACE OF SPACE WILL PERFORM IN BATTLING FUTURE EVIL...





The Curse of QUETZAL

Cortez had led his hordes of Spanish conquerors over this same trail. Four hundred years had made little difference. The thorns and cacti were there, not a whit less treacherous to gentle skin. The same beaten sun shone down with furnace heat; the same rough, rocky trail that led off toward towering volcanic peaks not yet asleep.

There even existed an identical purpose for the two expeditions, though the first had occurred in the sixteenth century. Cortez had gone this way to sack the rich temples of Iztlan and murder a few thousand innocent Aztecs. Jake Potter was on his way to sack (he hoped) the fabulously rich temple of Quetzal, which Cortez had missed—without killing anybody, unless it was some of his own men.

Jake was trying his best to do just that, too. For ten days he had set a pace that was body-killing, driving the poor peons along like so many cattle.

"You gotta drive 'em," Jake growled when Perry Scott remonstrated against his ruthlessness. "They're only cattle. Only lazies. Show 'em decency and they lay down on you!"

Perry didn't share Jake's view. Kindness, he'd always insisted, had its reward. The Yaquis stood in mortal terror of Jake's outbursts. They were surly, reticent for the most part; but there was one old man who had, on one or two occasions, exhibited signs of friendliness to Perry.

That night after they had made camp and prepared for sleeping, the

old man—Jose was his name—came over and squatted beside Perry and for a full twenty minutes just stared into the fire, saying nothing.

Perry respected his silence until he could stand it no longer. Then he said, "Tell me, Jose, how will it all come out?"

Jose's stacc expression didn't change. He spoke as if his few words came involuntarily.

"You ask a question, my son, which none may answer — yet," Perry started. Jose spoke excellent English. The old man went on: "I've lived a long time. I've learned much. When man, driven by greed, takes that which is not his . . ." He shook his dark head slowly.

"It's a toss-up," said Perry, "that we find the treasure or not. Maybe . . ."

"No," Jose cut in. "you won't find the treasure—not the treasure all men seek at the close of life." The old man gazed into the dying embers steadily. Perry was not sure just what he meant.

"That man," Jose said, indicating the snoring Jake Potter, "is without soul—a pagan vulture! He'll not find the treasure. He may find gold, yes—but he'll also find death!" The old man got up abruptly and strode off into the darkness. Perry experienced a strange premonition of disaster as he rolled into his blankets.

Three days later they stood on the shores of Lake Tenochtitlan, fabulous in ancient Aztec legends. It resembled a deep-blue sapphire set in a mounting of dull gold.

Jake Potter saw none of its

beauty. He voiced a vulgar cheer. "And they said it was a myth!" he exclaimed. "They said it was a phoney. Well, there she is—the old lake and the temple!" He licked his heavy lips anticipatorily.

Perry Scott was not a little surprised himself. Science had doubted the existence of the legendary lake. The Temple of Quetzal, they'd said, was a nice bit of Aztec folklore.

But there it stood, in the very middle of the mile-wide lake. A gleaming quartz image of the god Quetzalcoatl looked down from its lofty tower top, shimmering like a great diamond in the intense sunlight.

"Good!" breathed Perry. "To think—centuries have passed since the old priests occupied it! It's



beautiful, isn't it, Jake?"

Jake spat in the dust. "Its beauties, me lad, are down inside—if this old yarn is true. Yellow beauties. Beauties we can trade in for plenty of dough!"

It lacked an hour of noon, but Jake wouldn't wait for lunch. He had to get into that temple!

An ancient dugout canoe was beached on shore. Jake ordered two of the natives to get it into the water and man the paddles.

"Come on, Perry!" he cried exuberantly. "We're off to grab us a fortune!"

Perry had a strange feeling of dread as he stepped aboard the craft. As they shoved off, he saw old Jose's eyes on him. An uncanny prickly sensation stole over him. It was as if the old man was trying to convey a warning to him. A telepathic message. He'd read that the long-dead Aztec priests possessed that power...

They reached the portal of the temple in ten minutes and scrambled out on the mossy stone wharf. The natives remained in the canoe, their eyes mirroring fear.

Inside, the high edifice was cool with the dank coolness of centuries. And silent. The silence of death seemed to close down upon them as they stood there at the head of a long circular staircase that led down—down—to unknown depths.

"Well, let's get goin'," Jake said. Perry followed him, a numbing chill seizing upon him, which grew as they descended.

It was a full three hundred feet to the bottom. And now they stood in a small chamber whose stone walls oozed moisture. A heavy door was set into one side of the room. Jake pushed against it. It opened inward. He snapped on his flashlight.

"Great guns!" he yelled as he hesitated on the threshold. "Look!"

It was indeed an awe-inspiring sight. Seated along two sides of an immense table were perhaps a score of shrouded figures, each with head buried in hands—skeleton hands! Mummies—the centuries-dead priests of Aztec. They were gathered here in their last tribunal, ghostly guardians of the secret sacred riches of a glorious dead empire.

"It's—it's not right to disturb

them," said Perry unthinkingly. "It's sacrilegious, Jake."

Jake laughed disdainfully. "Triple! They're dead, ain't they. We ain't gonna bother 'em. What we want is that stuff piled around the walls... Look at it, man! Tons of gold—hampers of sparkles—where!"

It was true. Around the stone walls were piled an incredible quantity of bar gold and baskets of gems. Jake was soon lost to his surroundings. He began babbling. He ran his hands through the cold uncut stones. He laughed—the mad laugh that gold-madness produces.

An hour passed. Maybe two. Perry stood there in the doorway, scarcely knowing that he was there. Old Jose's eyes burned through him; the chill dread increased. He was



suddenly conscious of a slight jar that shook the burial chamber. It was repeated a moment later, stronger. A trickle of water spurted through a crack in the walls... another trickle... the stones were separating, moving...!

"Jake!" screamed Perry. "Let's get out of here, there's an earthquake!" But Jake didn't hear him.

A grinding vibration rattled the ancient skeletons and one of them collapsed to the floor, losing a skull which bounded across the room.

"Jake!" Perry darted out the door. Jake came then, a look of dazed bewilderment on his heavy face.

"It's a quake!" yelled Perry as he started up the stairs. Jake ran back. He must take care of that precious wealth! Perry had reached the first turn—twenty feet up—when a thick rope which hung down the length of the tower parted, allowing a keystone arch to crash to the floor. Water burst through the inward-bulging walls. The bottom of the stairway collapsed, the tower shook with a mighty shock. Perry heard Jake's agonized scream as he reached the top of the stairs. Then it was cut off by a vast roar of water.

Perry plunged into the lake and swam madly to shore. As he crawled out on the beach, he looked back. The temple seemed to buckle, crumple, and with a terrific detonation fell into the lake. The waters instantly closed over all traces of it. And Jake.

Perry turned his eyes away, stricken. A blinding flash of light swept across his vision. High on a mountain peak stood a priest in a flowing white robe. He held a gleaming shield in his hands. He voiced a weird cry, stepped to the edge of the precipice, and hurtled into the abyss.

Perry didn't know—he couldn't know—that the priest was old Jose, last of the dying clan, who had caused the destruction of his beloved temple. He didn't know that the sun's rays, caught on that mirror-like surface of shield and directed through the magnifying quartz of Quetzal's image, had gradually burned through the hempen rope that sustained the keystone arch.

FOLLOW PERRY SCOTT
in Another thrilling story
GLOVES OF DEATH
IN THE DECEMBER ISSUE OF
FEATURE COMICS ON SALE OCT 25

DUSTY DANE

YERNOY HENKEL

NO HUM! THIS IS THE LIFE, MIKE! WITH PLENTY OF MONEY IN OUR POCKETS TO HAVE FUN IF WE WANT IT!

YEAH- BUT WE'LL GET TIRED OF IT!

TELEGRAM FOR MIST DANE!

HERE BOY!

LISTEN TO THIS... "NEED YOUR HELP COME AT ONCE. PATRICIA MORLEY!"

RAT MORLEY? THE DIZZY DAME WHO RUNS THE BATALA RUBBER PLANTATION?

RIGHT! START PACKING!

A FEW DAYS LATER DUSTY DANE AND MIKE CARDISAN NEAR THE ISLAND OF BATALA IN THEIR SAILING YACHT.

WOMEN! PHOOEY! I JUST GOT THE BARNACLES OUTTA ME WHISKERS AND NOW WE PUT TO SEA AGIN!

WELL... HERE WE ARE AND NOBODY IN SIGHT TO GREET US!

WELL... LET'S LOOK AROUND A BIT!

STAY WHERE YOU ARE OR I'LL DRILL YOU!

HEY! PUT DOWN THAT CANNON... IT'S US!

DUSTY! MIKE!

I MIGHTA KNOWN A WOMAN COULDN'T HANDLE A RUBBER PLANTATION!... WHAT DID YOU GET YOURSELF INTO THIS TIME?

RIGHT NOW THE PRICE OF RUBBER IS SKY HIGH. AND A COUPLE OF WISE BOYS FROM THE STATES ARE TRYING TO FORCE ME TO SELL OUT!

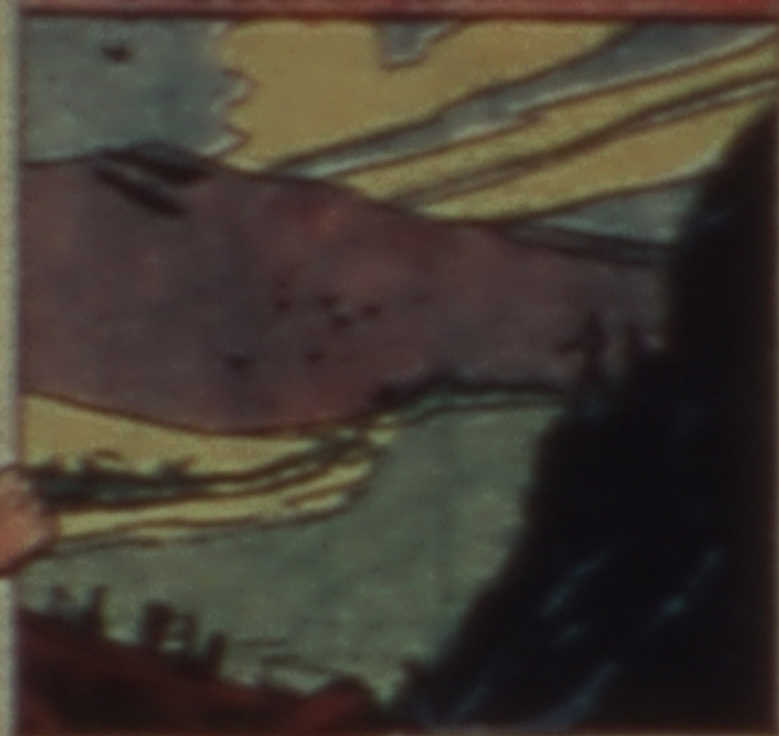


SO HERE'S THE ANGEL "TROUBLE SHOOTERS"..... THERE'S \$5,000 IN IT IF YOU DRIVE THEM OUT!

FIVE GRAND? EOWWW! IT'S A DEAL!



AND NOT FAR AWAY A SLUGGISH JUNGLE RIVER IS THE SCENE OF UNUSUAL ACTIVITY...



HIGH ON A LEDGE OVER-LOOKING THE RIVER STANDS "WOLF" HENNICK AND THE "MOUSE"...

I DON'T GIT IT, MOUSY! HOW'S DIS DAM GONNA MAKE DAT STUBBORN GAL GIVE UP?



YOU ALWAYS WERE THICK-HEADED, WOLF. LOOK...



THAT DAM CAUSES THE RIVER TO BACK UP AND FLOOD HER PLANTATION. EITHER SHE SELLS AT OUR PRICE OR WE LET THE WATER ROT HER TREES!



WHAT'S UP, PAT?

THOSE RATS HAVE BLOCKED THE RIVER!

LATER

DYNAMITE, TOOLS, ROPE... WE GOT EVERYTHING, MIKE... LET'S GO!

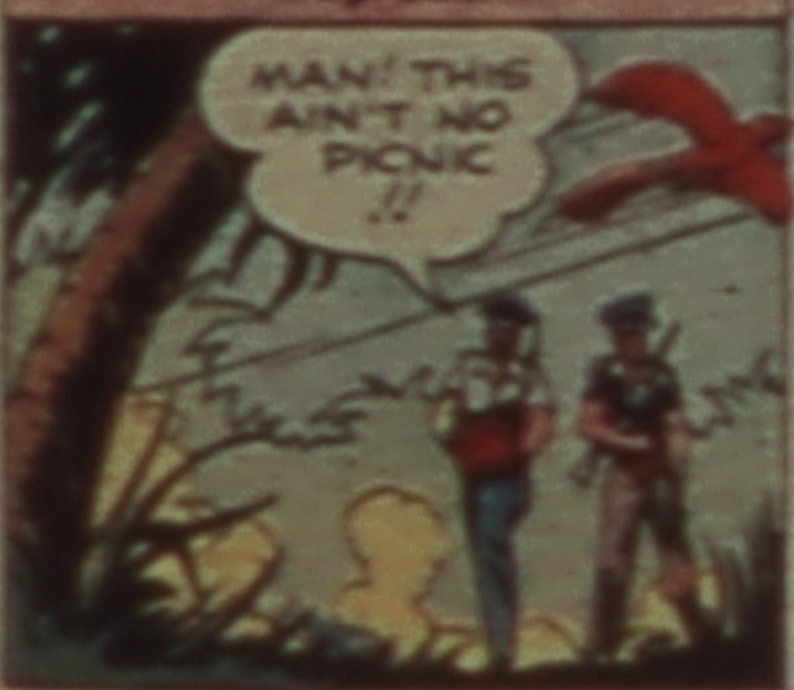
OKE!



AN EXCITED WORKER BRINGS THE NEWS TO PAT MORLEY

WISSY BOSS! BIG WATERS COME, FLOOD PLANTATION!

MIKE AND DUSTY FIGHT THEIR WAY THROUGH A STEAMING JUNGLE...



MAN! THIS AIN'T NO PICNIC !!

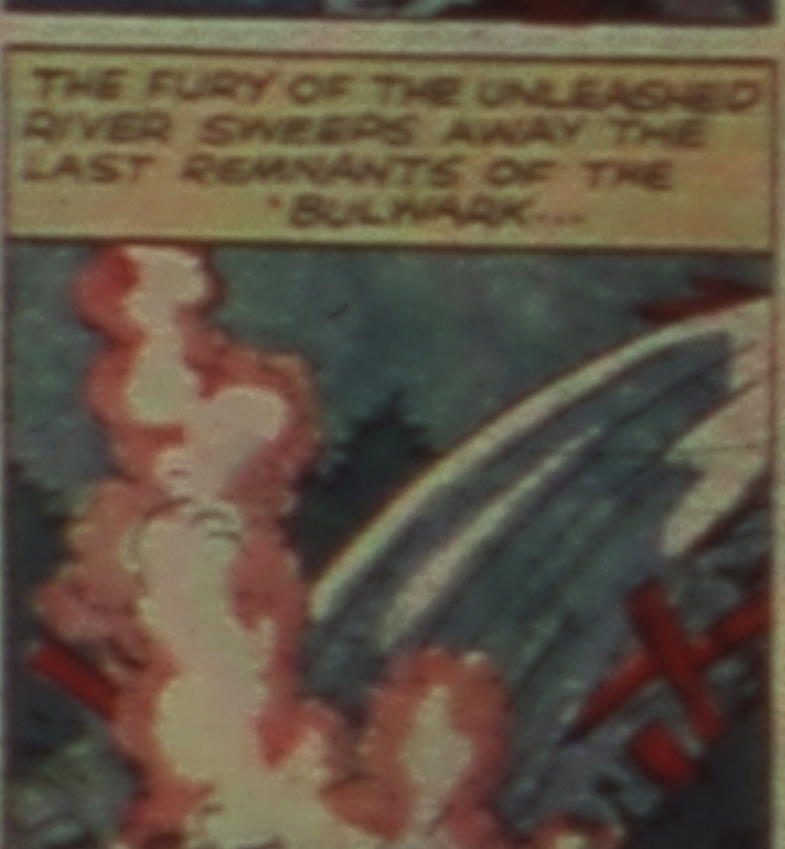
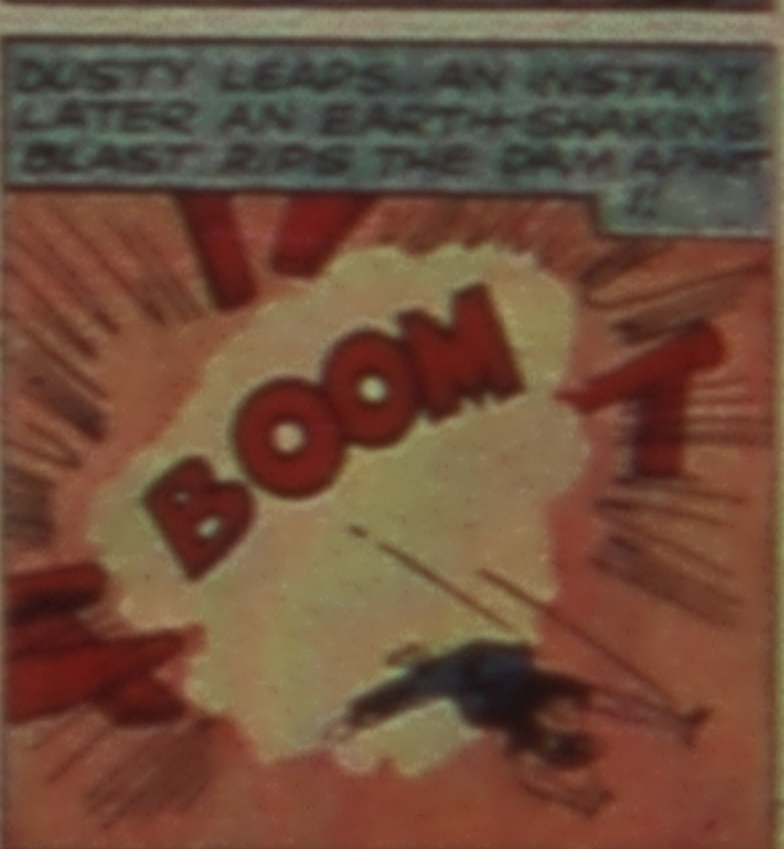
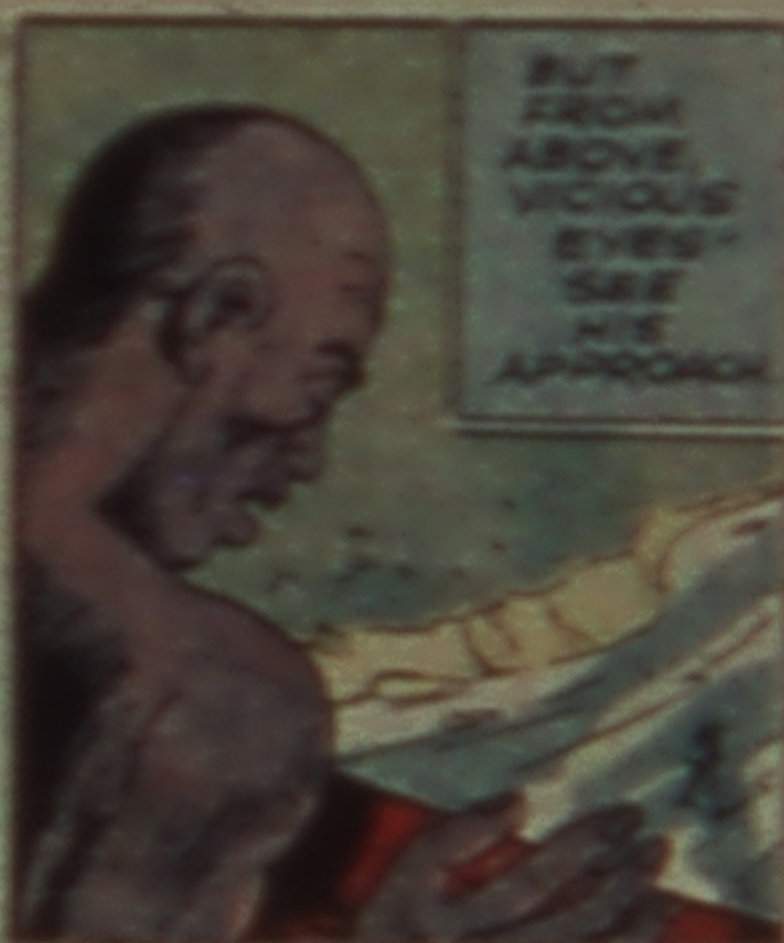
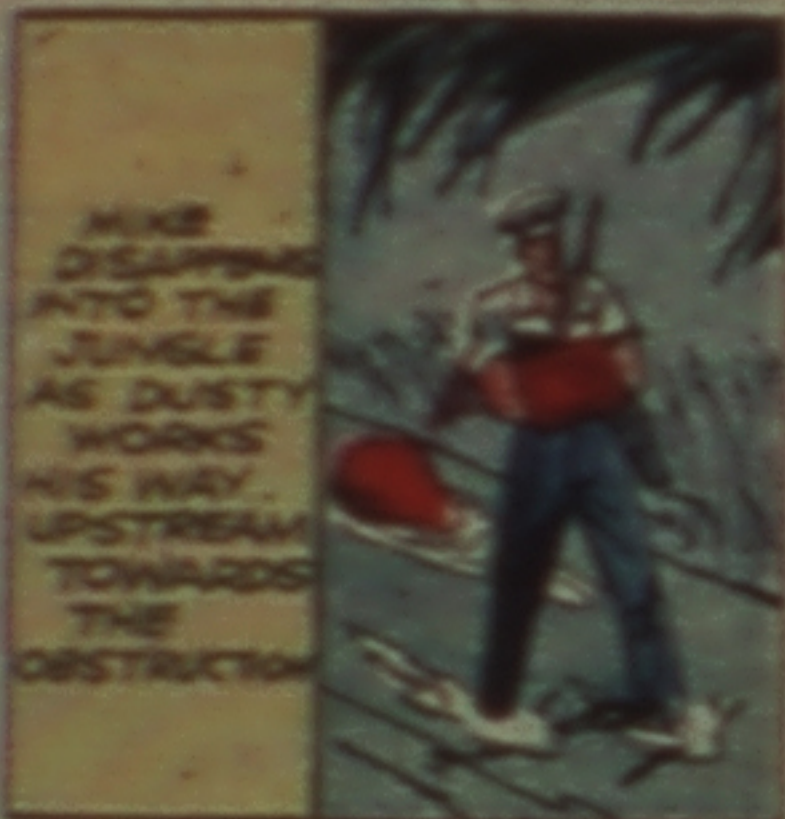
MIKE! THERE'S THE RIVER... THE DAM MUST BE UP FURTHER!

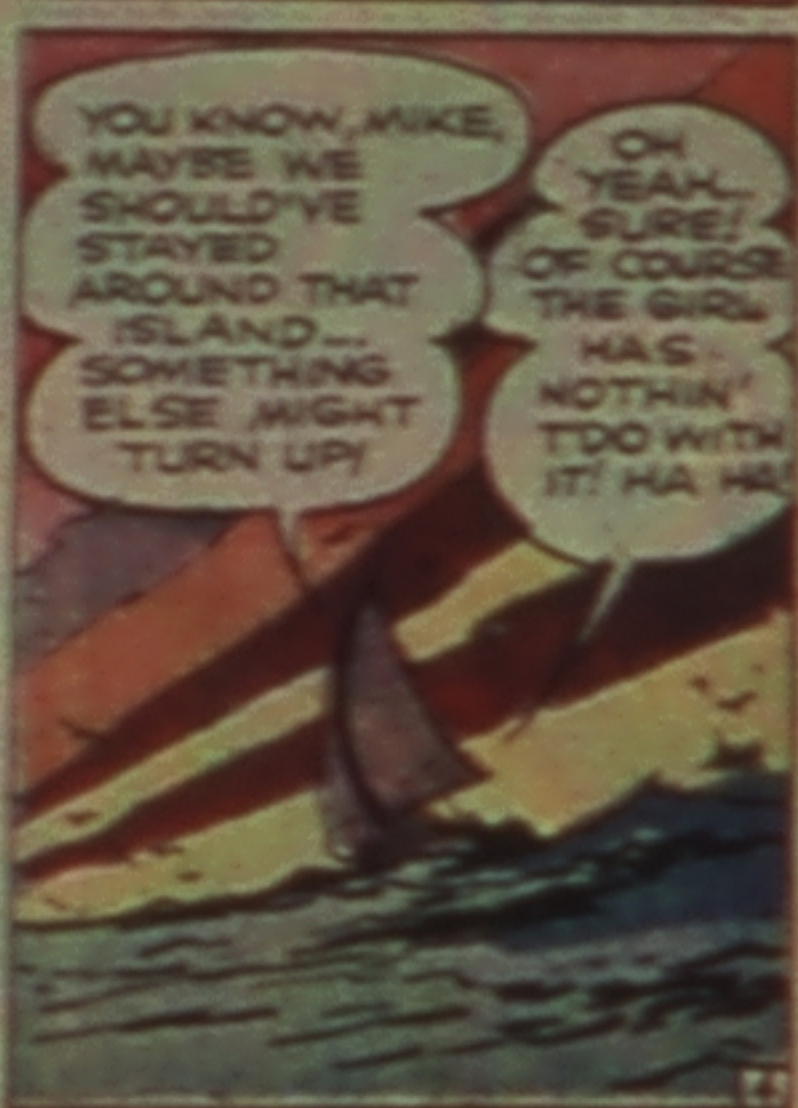
YEAH, THAT RIVER BED'S ALMOST DRY!



YOU HOLD THEM OFF TILL I GET THIS DYNAMITE PLANTED!







RUSTY RYAN OF BOYVILLE

KING FOOTBALL RULES BOYVILLE AS THE GAME WITH STRONG STAMFORD MILITARY ACADEMY APPROACHES



HEY, CHUCK! STOP BLOCKING AS IF YOU WERE A GRANDMOTHER! TAKE OFF THE BRAKES!



WHAT'S COME OVER YOU? WHERE'S YOUR OLD ZING?

AW—I'M SICK OF BLOCKING. I WANTA CARRY THAT BALL TOO!



BUT, CHUCK... YOU KNOW HOW YOU FUMBLE...

THAT'S OUR CENTER'S FAULT!

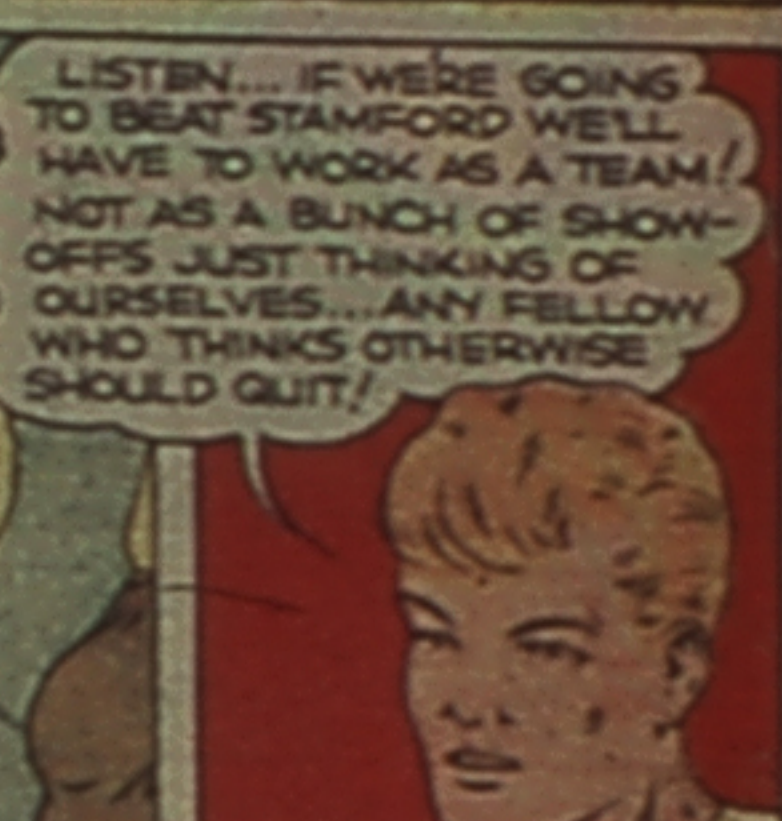


MY FAULT?! WHY I'LL POKE YOU ON THE NOSE!

YOU AND WHO ELSE?



HEY! NONE OF THAT AROUND HERE!



LISTEN... IF WE'RE GOING TO BEAT STAMFORD WE'LL HAVE TO WORK AS A TEAM! NOT AS A BUNCH OF SHOW-OFFS JUST THINKING OF OURSELVES... ANY FELLOW WHO THINKS OTHERWISE SHOULD QUIT!



OKAY! OKAY!!

LINE-UP, FELLOWS!

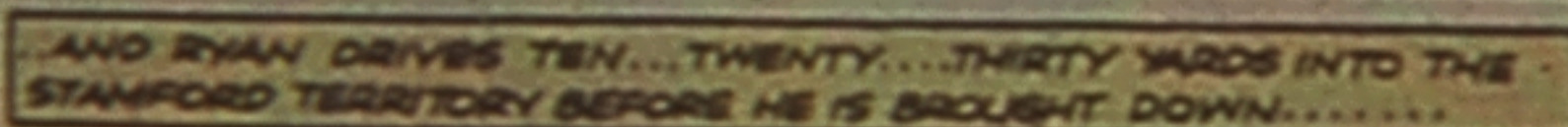
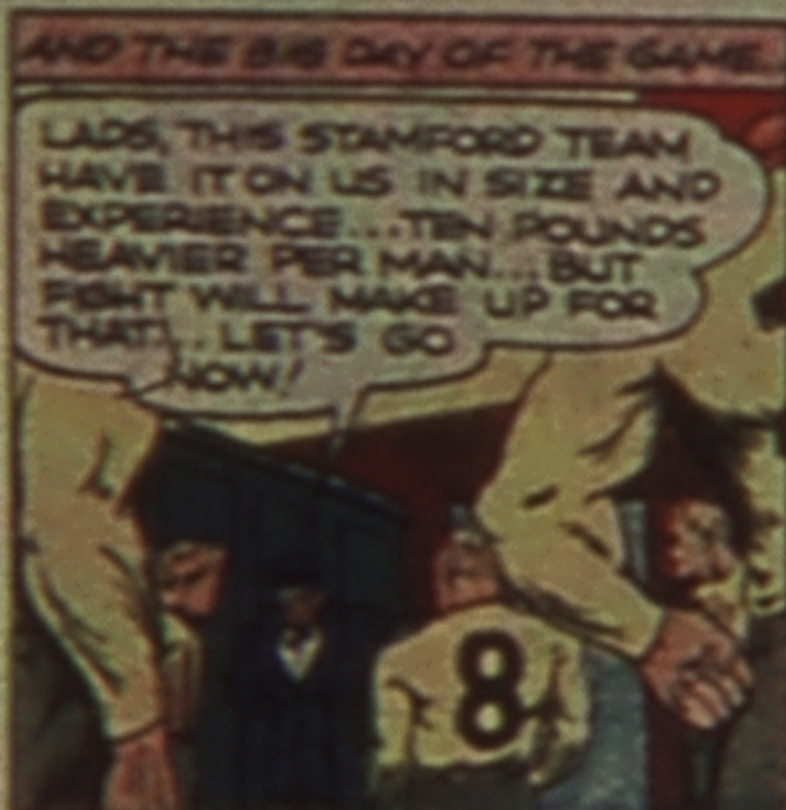
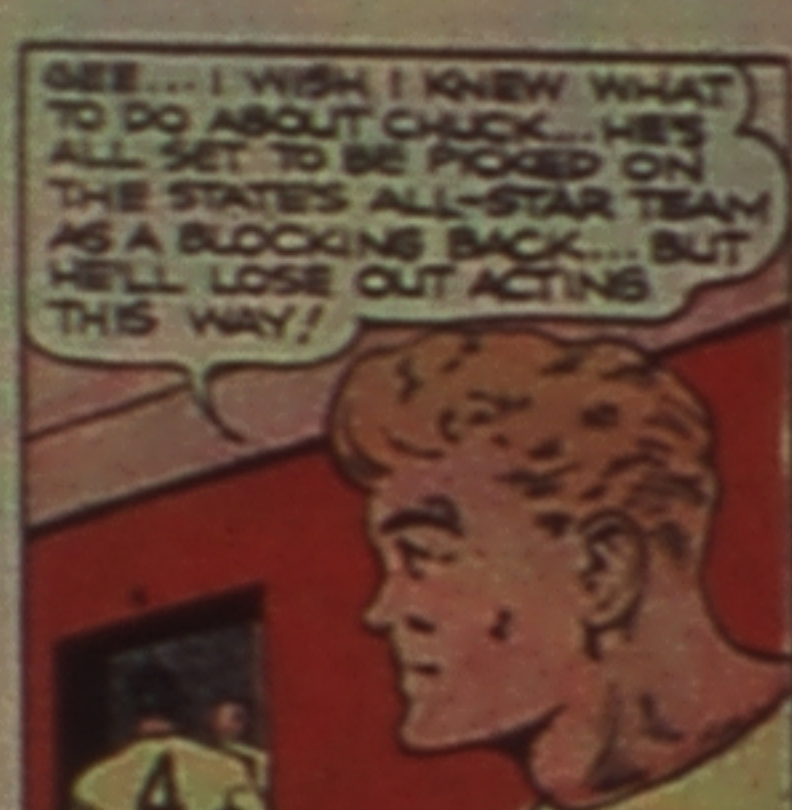


SIGNALS!

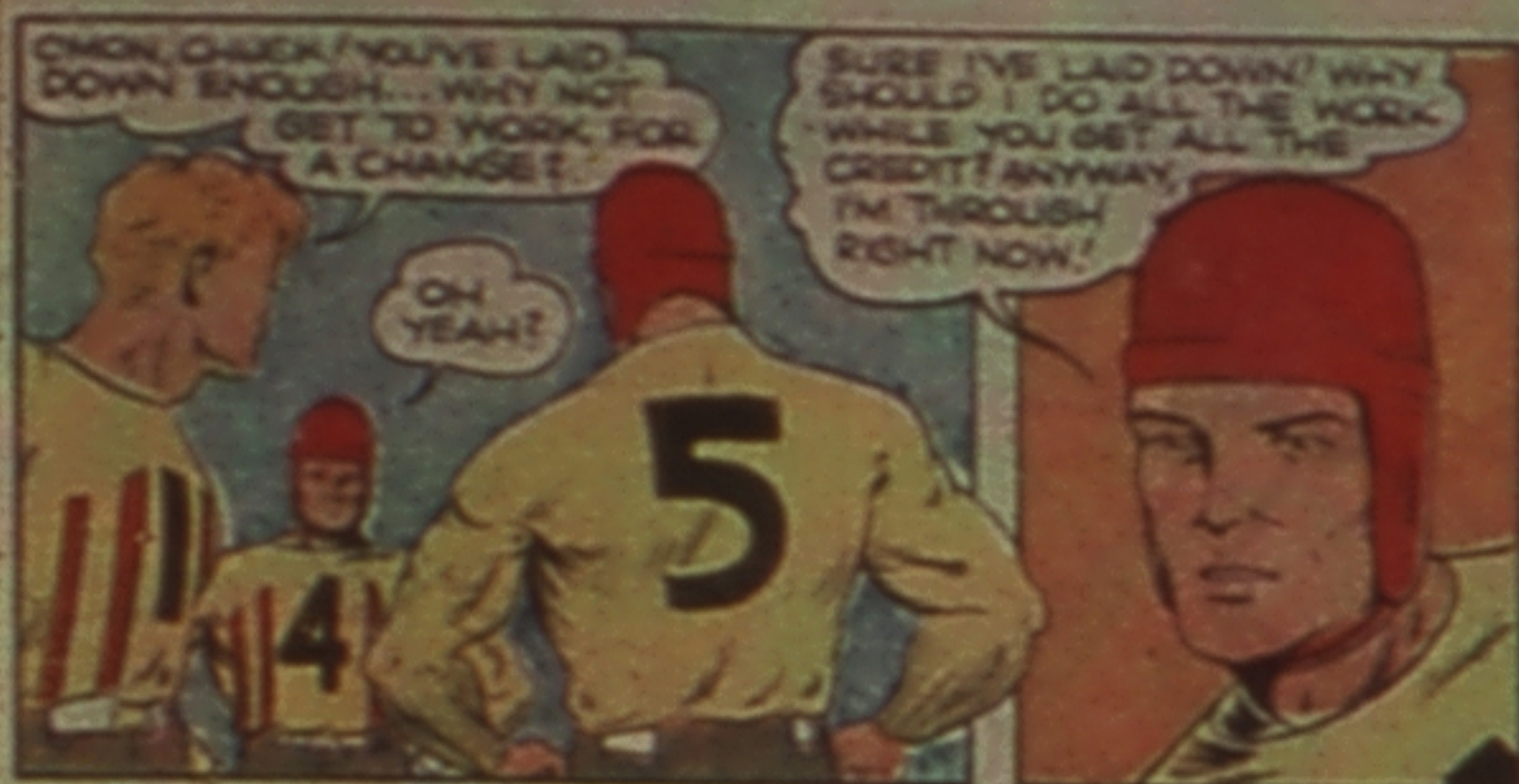
14...7...22...



A DOUBLE REVERSE... AND RUSTY SLICES THROUGH OFF TACKLE...







Poison Ivy

THE MIGHTY MITE
VERSUS
MUSCLETAE

GILL FOX

\$1,000,000
REWARD
FOR ANYONE
WHO BRINGS IN
DEAD OR ALIVE
MUSCLETAE
THE WRECKER
OF SUPER GUYS
OF THE COMICS.

THAT'S LIKE
MONEY IN THE
BANK FOR
ME!





WHEN POISON RECOVERS HE GRITS HIS TEETH AND DECIDES TO GO INTO ACTION



REYNOLDS

OF THE

MOUNTED

ART DUNN

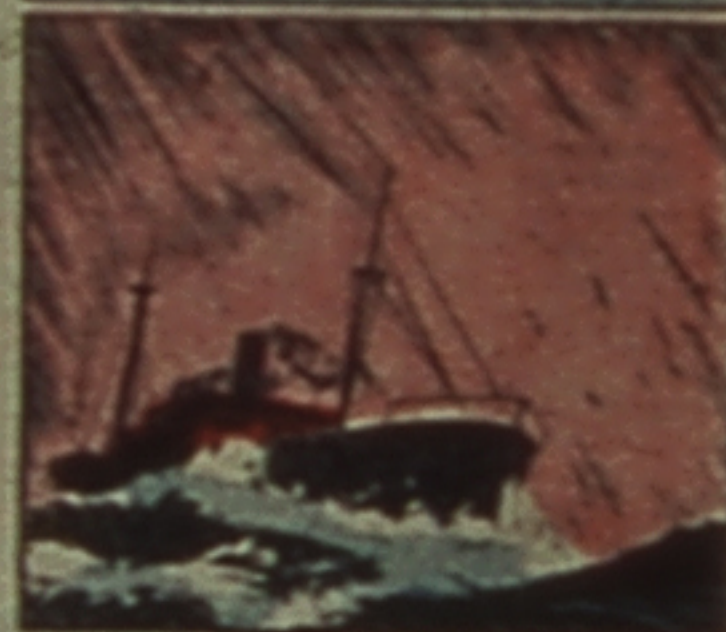
IT IS A DARK, BLEAK NIGHT AND A STORM RAGES OFF THE PACIFIC COAST... LIKE A LONE SENTINEL, A LIGHTHOUSE GIVES BRIM WARNING TO PASSING SHIPS THAT DANGER LURKS IN TREACHEROUS REEFS AND WATERS...

IN THE TOWER TWO FACES PEER OUT INTO THE DARKNESS...

IT'S COMING, TITO - OUR LIGHT WILL GUIDE IT EH? HA-HA-HA!



IN THE DISTANCE A FREIGHTER PLOWS THROUGH CHURNING WATERS...



ON BOARD...

THAT'S AS FINE A COLLECTION OF MUGS AS I'VE SEEN, SERGEANT REYNOLDS!

RIGHT, CAPTAIN - THEY'RE PICTURES OF ESCAPED CONVICTS - SOME DAY WE EXPECT TO CATCH UP WITH ALL OF THEM!



NOW TAKE THIS ONE - WAXEY GINZO, ONE OF THE SMARTEST AND CRAFTIEST. TWO YEARS AGO HE DISAPPEARED AS IF SWALLOWED UP BY THE EARTH... WISH I COULD GET MY HANDS ON HIM!



A QUEER LOOKING BIRD, ISN'T HE?



SUDDENLY THERE IS A JOCK AND THE TWO MEN ARE THROWN FROM THEIR FEET.



JENSEN - WHAT'S WRONG?

DON'T KNOW, SIR - OUR MOTORS ARE PARALYZED - WE'RE AT THE MERCY OF THE SEA!



LIKE AN ANGRY MONSTER THE SEA TOSSES THE SHIP AGAINST THE ROCKS...



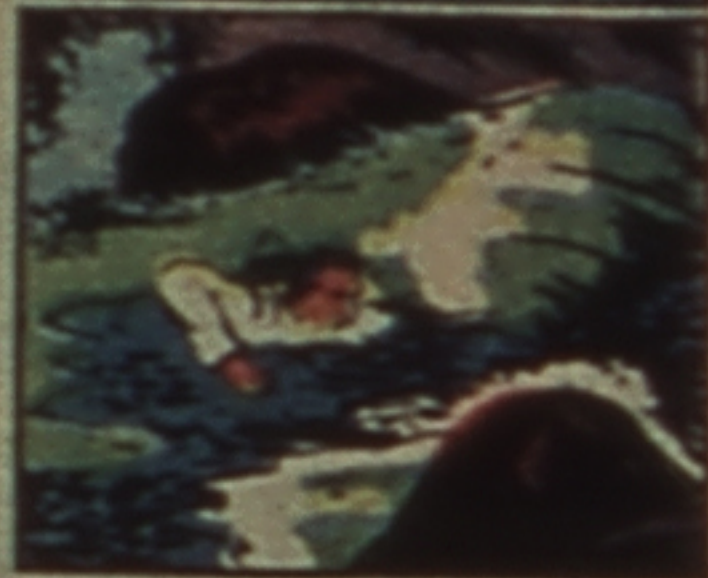
AS THE FREIGHTER CRASHES,
REYNOLDS JUMPS OVERBOARD.



A FEW MOMENTS LATER THE CRUSHED SHIP
SLOWLY SINKS INTO THE BLACK DEEP.



THE ONLY SURVIVOR, REYNOLDS,
FIGHTS VALIANTLY FOR HIS
LIFE AS THE WAVES CARRY
HIM AGAINST THE ROCKS.



UGH! IF
I CAN ONLY
HOLD OUT
A LITTLE
LONGER...



MADE IT! GOSH-AM
I TIRED...WHAT'S
THAT COMING AT ME?
LOOKS LIKE
A GHOST!



BEFORE THE MOUNTIE CAN
GATHER HIS WITS, THE FIGURE
LEAPS AT HIM.



THE STRENGTH OF HIS ATTACKER IS
ALMOST TOO MUCH FOR REYNOLDS WHO
LASHES AT HIM WITH A POWERFUL
BLOW.



IT'S A HUNCHBACK... HE'LL
DROWN! EVEN THOUGH HE
TRIED TO KILL ME I'VE
GOT TO SAVE HIM!



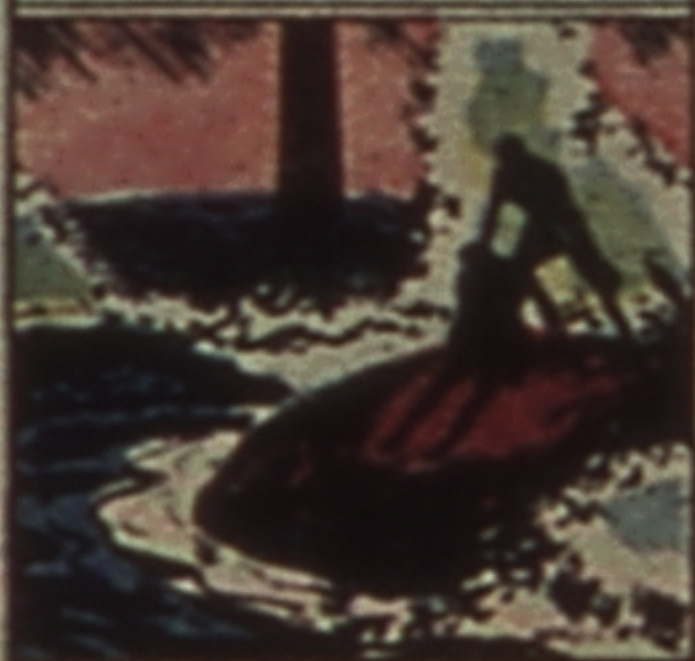
QUICKLY HE DIVES BACK INTO THE
CHURNING WATERS FROM WHICH
HE SO NARROWLY ESCAPED.



COME ON, FELLA-
I'VE GOT
YOU!

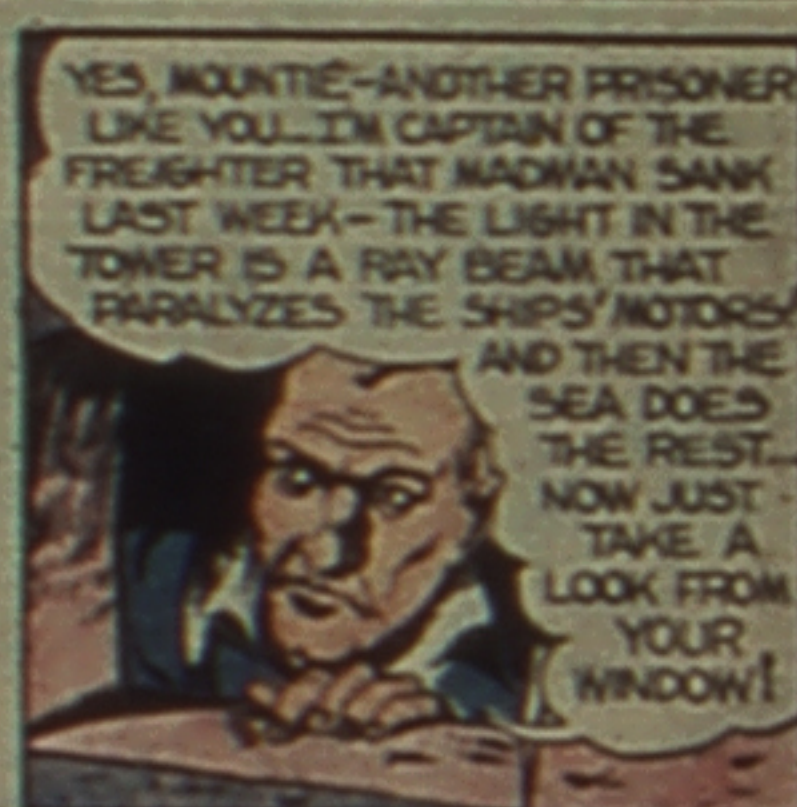


SOON REYNOLDS DRAGS HIS
ATTACKER TO SAFETY.



HMM-SEEMS TO HAVE LOST
HIS KILLING INSTINCT... I HOPE
I'VE MADE A FRIEND-I'LL
CERTAINLY NEED ONE
AROUND HERE!





AFTER THE OLD MAN EXAMINES THE HULL OF THE SALVAGED FREIGHTER...

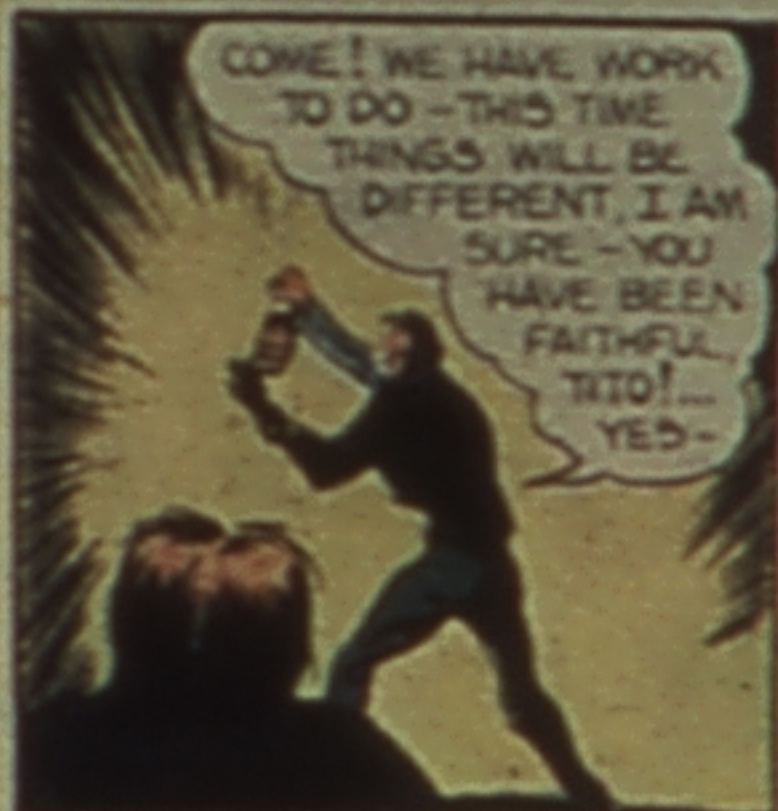


I'VE BEEN CHEATED! THERE'S NO GOLD ABOARD... YOU'VE BROUGHT ME NOTHING BUT BAD LUCK!

UPPER - FURIOUS WITH ANGER, THE OLD MAN GIVES TITO A SEVERE LASHING...



AH-! THE "S.S. BRIAN" IS HEADED THIS WAY... DID YOU HEAR, TITO? WE WILL "HELP IT ALONG ITS WAY," EH? HA-HA!



COME! WE HAVE WORK TO DO - THIS TIME THINGS WILL BE DIFFERENT, I AM SURE - YOU HAVE BEEN FAITHFUL, TITO!... YES -

MEANWHILE REYNOLDS WORKS ON A PLAN TO ESCAPE...



THIS IRON BAR OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK... YES - IT'S BENDING!



NOW TO GET DOWN TO THE ROOM THAT CONTROLS THE RAY BEAM!



HERE IT IS... IF I CAN PARALYZE THE GENERATORS THE RAY BEAM WON'T WORK...



LET HIM LAY, TITO! HE'S OUT COLD - COME, WE JUST HAVE TIME ENOUGH TO WRECK THAT SHIP!



ANOTHER MINUTE, TITO! HA-HA - THE POOR FOOLS THINK THIS PLACE A HAVEN OF SAFETY - BUT IT'S THE SEA OF DEATH!



MEANWHILE REYNOLDS COMES TO...

UGH! MY HEAD - THE GENERATORS - YES - I MUST PUT THEM OUT OF COMMISSION.



CRASH!

AS REYNOLDS JAMS THE BEAM'S GENERATORS, THE TOWER BECOMES DARK...



WE'LL BE COMING UP TO GET US! COME, WE WILL PROCEED DOWN THE STEPS WITH CAUTION - WE CAN SEE BETTER THAN HE IN THE DARK, EH?



BUT REYNOLDS IS MOUNTING THE STAIRS TO CAPTURE THE MOUNTAIN...



SUDDENLY A LIGHT IS THROWN ON THE OLD MAN FROM BEHIND...



SEEING HIS CHANCE, THE MOUNTIE LEAPS AT HIS QUARRY...



AS THEY STRUGGLE ON THE STAIRS A STRANGE THING HAPPENS...



I THOUGHT SO! WAXEY GINZO THE ESCAPED CONVICT... A NICE DISGUISE, WAXEY, BUT YOU ACTED TOO SPRY FOR AN OLD MAN!



REYNOLDS PUTS ALL HIS STRENGTH INTO ONE LAST EFFORT...



GOOD THING I DIDN'T HAVE TO SWING A SECOND TIME... I'M ALL PLAYED OUT!



NO, TITO! I'M AFRAID I CAN'T GET YOU A JOB WITH THE MOUNTED - YOU CAN SERVE WELL HERE - MAY I HAVE MY HAT NOW, OLD FELLA!



BE A COWBOY!

YOU GETTUM
CARBINE LIKE
RED RYDER'S
HEAP SOON!
*Little
Beaver*

I JUST RODE INTO YOUR
DEALER'S STORE WITH A
LOT OF MY NEW
COWBOY CARBINES—
GET YOURS, PARDNER!
Red Ryder

USE
RING AND
THONG TO
GUN TO SADDLE
OR HANG ON
WALL

GOLDEN BANNED MUZZLE.
GOLDEN FRONT SIGHT.
LIGHTNING-LOADER IN-
VENTION — goes 1000 shot
in 20 seconds!

GOLDEN-BANNED FORE-
PIECE

CARBINE STYLE FORE-
PIECE — semi-curved, full
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ADJUSTABLE DOUBLE-
NOTCH REAR SIGHT

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PISTOL-GRIP STOCK

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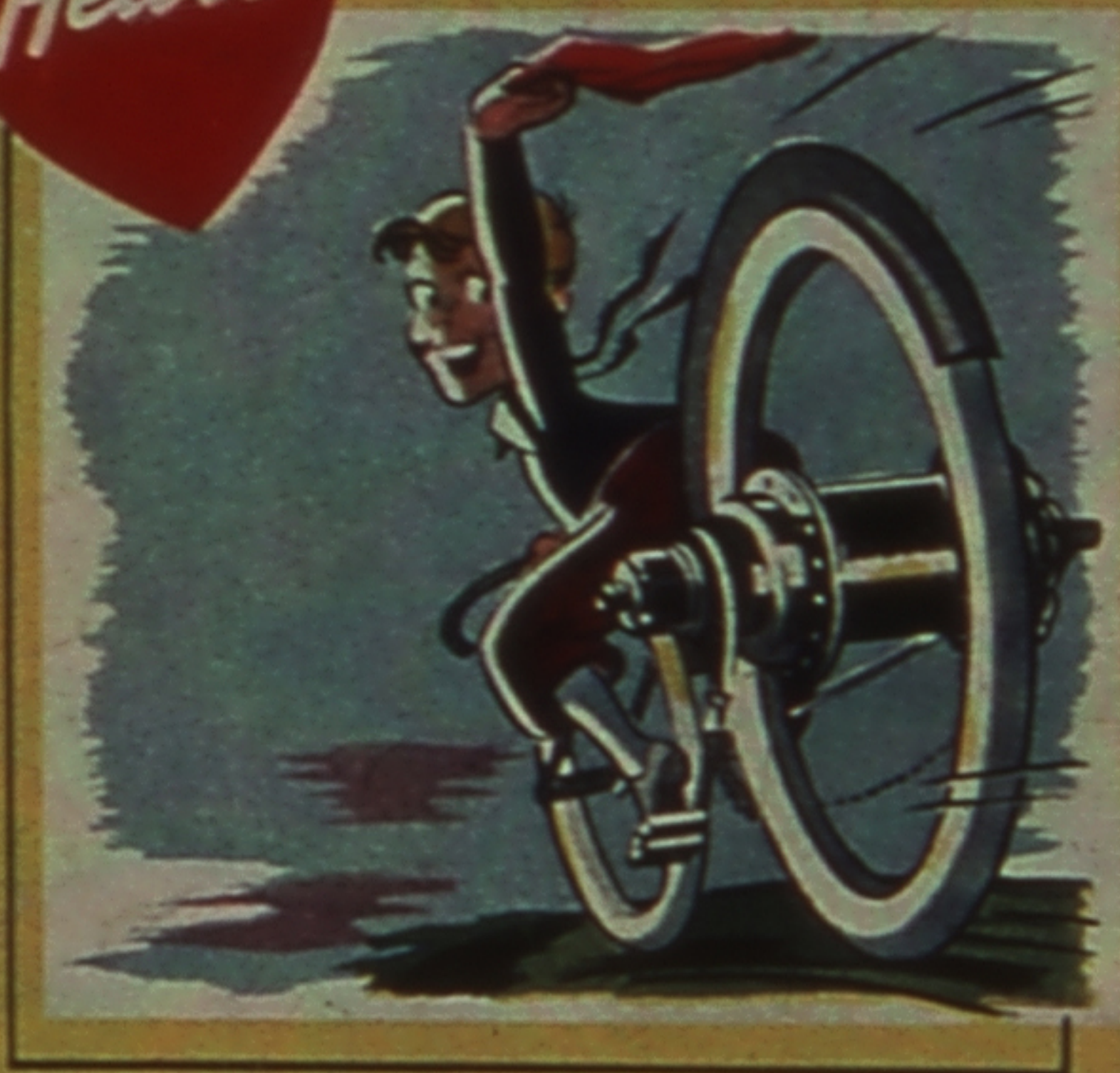
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with 100 pictures of our guns
and a 100-page book of
facts.

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